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SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for AUGUST, contains a number of features of interest distinctly beyond the average. There is an eminently sane article on "GERMANY AFTER THE PEACE," which gives much food for steady thinking in regard to a problem, the factors of which are so difficult to estimate. Another contribution of great interest is made by Professor GILBERT MURRAY, in relation to the possibility of forming a true estimate of our own age. A Chinaman, S. G. CHENG, writes with regard to the Chinese non-signature to the Peace Treaty from the intellectual Chinese viewpoint, and arrives at a conclusion which may be surprising to many.

"THE CHRIST OF THE LOGIA" by Professor A. T. ROBERTSON, and "CURE BY SUGGESTION" by EMMA MARIE CAILLARD, are contributions of a different nature to the foregoing, and will be read with interest by students of philosophy and psychology.

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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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ON POPINJAYS

FROM time to time patriotic enthusiasts write pamphlets and letters to the papers, urging that we should purify the English language from all words of alien origin, even of such as have been long naturalized. For them the Norman Conquest is a regrettable incident, of which the effects should be concealed as far as possible, and the Renaissance, with its revival of classicism, a deplorable departure from Saxon simplicity. They would have us convert our lieutenants into steadholders, call an omnibus a folk-wain, and eat sheep-flesh instead of mutton. For them English literature is dead before it has come to life: they would have us set up Cædmon and Beowulf in the niches of the dethroned Chaucer and Shakespeare, and cast Dr. Johnson, and most of the great lexicographer's contemporaries, into the darkest dungeons of oblivion. Othersome, displaying towards language the same misdirected energy which has led architects to "restore" our churches into sham Norman primitiveness, would reform our pronunciation and make us speak as never man yet spoke.

Yet, without going to extremes, it is permissible to regret the disappearance of many old words which were more musical, apt or picturesque than their modern equivalents—particularly in the case of names of herbs and animals. To me, as a Sussex boy, ants were always "emnets," a bat was a "flitter-mouse," and a hawk a "wind-hover." The mole—"than which," according to Pliny, "no creature is more capable of religion" (though I cannot help thinking that it does not make the most of its abilities in that direction)—is not, perhaps, improved by being called a "want," but gains greatly in dignity by the restoration of its old name of "moldiwarp." I do not much regret the translation of Shakespeare's "loathed paddock" by the modernists, who have "larned him to be a toad," but his near little relatives the tadpoles are much to be preferred in the guise of "pollywogs" or "polwygle wurms." Most of all do I lament the conversion of the expressive and picturesque "popinjay" into the commonplace "parrot."

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For the grey, loquacious, suburban species, "parrot" is perhaps as good a name as any other; but for the classical bird, with its emerald body and scarlet collar, how much more satisfying is "popinjay," "papegay" or "papingo"! It is odd that a bird which combines such a startling exterior with such remarkable mental, or at least linguistic, attainments should make no appearance in Biblical metaphor, parable or proverb, and should be ignored even by that great student of natural history, King Solomon. This is the more curious, as one of the chief breeding-places of the popinjay was upon the mountains of Gilboa; the reason being that since David composed "The Song of the Bow" no dew has fallen upon those fatal heights, and this bird, like the cat, is "impatient of all wet." It is also curious that the popinjay should figure so rarely in mediæval English art; yet I cannot think of any case in which it occurs in carving of either stone or wood—except that its image formed a usual mark for archers in Tudor days. Nor do I know of any English goldsmith work, like the flower-bowls of Belshazzar's feast, "with pyes and papejays purtrayed withinne." Only in one branch of art, embroidery, is there much evidence of the employment of popinjays for decorative purposes. John Holland,

Duke of Exeter, for instance, left to his daughter a set of bed-hangings of white worked with popinjays, and about the same time a set of curtains adorned with "vynes, fesauntes and popyngayes" occurs in the inventory of furniture in a house at Chiddingstone. Rather later, in the first year of Henry VIII., the vestry of York Minster contained "one set of vestments of red bawdekyn worked with le popyngeose," and another of sanguine satin with "le popynges" of gold. Possibly in these last two instances the vestments may have been given by members of the great Northern families of Lumley and Thweng, in whose coats of arms the popinjay figures; but there is plenty of other evidence to show that "the pokok and the popejay with here proude deres" were popular with embroiderers. It is

therefore the more curious that the popinjay seems practically never to figure in the illuminations of English manuscripts, crowded as they are with other beasts and birds, including frequent peacocks. Even in Italian painting it is hardly as common as one might expect, though Cristoforo Preda introduces one in the gorgeous borders of his *Borromean Book of Hours*, and Carpaccio has, I think, brought them into his pictures.

The birds themselves must have been pretty well known in England from the time of the Crusades onwards. Alexander Neckam, writing about 1200, refers casually to their being kept in cages, which should be made of iron bars to prevent the bird breaking them; and a century later the Princess of Salerno sent some popinjays to Edward I. as a present. Bolingbroke, while still Earl of Derby, returned from the grand tour of the East with a leopard and a popinjay, and his heroic son, Henry V., on one occasion bought a popinjay, two monkeys and three salamanders from a fishmonger, who seems to have considered all fish that came to his net.

Tradition avers that in the golden days of the gods, before the twilight fell, the peacock had a voice as beautiful as its feathers, but that it was deprived of its sweet song for excessive presumption and vanity. Can some such fate have befallen the popinjay in historic times? Or has it changed its note with its name, and is the parrot's harsh squawk a protest against the loss of its title of popinjay? Certain it is that our ancestors regarded the popinjay as a songster of no mean degree. When Chaucer describes how one of his characters "syngeth ful merier than the papingay," it might be supposed that the emphasis was on the merriness rather than on the singing; for the modern parrot resembles, from a musical point of view, the dolphin, which—like Charles Lamb—has no ear and also "hath no voyce but singeth lyke a man." But other writers speak of "the popengaye with notes gaye," couple the "papynjaye" with that other charming songster the "pellycan" as singing on Heaven's gates, and class together "popengayes, nyghtyngales and other sweete singyng birds." Again, in the burlesque service of the beasts held "When Mydsomer evyn fell on Palmes Sounday":—

The samon sang the highe mass, the herryng was his clarke,
On the organs played the porpas, ther was a merrie werke.

* * * * *

The throstell and the popegey notyd full clene,
In a symphon sange the snype with notes of the nyghtgale.
Here, however, we need hardly take the popinjay more seriously as a musician than the salmon and the snipe, and, in spite of the other evidence of his tune-fulness, "nyghtgales syngand and papejays spekand" represents the normal condition of affairs.

Though the popinjay was easily first in fluency and occasionally disconcerting aptness of speech—there was a burglar some years ago who complained bitterly of a parrot that addressed him unexpectedly just as he was engaged in the delicate operation of entering a first-floor window, so that he fell and broke his leg—there were, and are, many other birds possessing the gift of mimicry to some extent. When Augustus was returning from the victory of Actium,

oon mette hym with a papengay on his hand that he hadde i-taught seie, "Hail, Cesar, victor and emperour." The emperor wondrede and bougte that merye byrde for twenty thowsand of pens. Also a pye grette hym in the same manere, and he wondrede and bougte hym also, and so he dede a stare [starling]. Thenne a poore sowtere fondede to teche a choughe to speke and saie the same salutacioun; and whenne he hadde spende what he hadde and the choughe answerde noughte he used for to seie, "Allas, al is lost, bothe travaile and cost." But at the last the choughe bygan to speke and seide the same salutacioun, and Cesar passed by and seide, "We haveth at home suche salutaciouns i-nowe." "Alas," quod the choughe as it fel in her mynde, "al is lost, bothe travayle and cost." Then Cesar lowh [laughed] and bougte the choughe derere than eny of the othere.

Still, it is their particular ability to "parle and prate our very speech" that has always been the chief distinction of the popinjays, and—unless it be that the best talkers are not always the most attentive listeners—this makes it the more curious that, so far as I know, they do not appear in any picture among the birds to whom St. Francis preached, as described by Brother Michael of Kildare:

Heil, Seint Franceis, with thi many foulis,
Kites and crowis, ravenes and oulis,
Fure and twenti wild gees and a poucok.

L. F. SALZMAN.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

PART II.

THE twelve years which elapse between the group of letters given last week, and the second group here printed, contained practically the whole of Hazlitt's life as a working man of letters. When Macvey Napier approached him for the first time with an invitation to contribute to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Hazlitt, in his thirty-eighth year, after three years of work for the critical press, was at the height of his reputation as a journalist, but had published none of his books except the comparatively little-known works of his earliest period. When the same correspondent approaches him for the second time, as editor of the *Edinburgh Review* in succession to Jeffrey, Hazlitt, in his fifty-first year, has done the whole of his work, and is the author of the eighteen published books from the "Characters of Shakespear's Plays" to the "Life of Napoleon." They brought him, in his lifetime, only a moderate reward.

Hazlitt, after contributing to its pages for ten years with tolerable regularity, had fallen out of the *Edinburgh* on his departure for Italy in 1824, and on his return had apparently not sought to renew the connection. In May, 1826, Jeffrey (who had met Hazlitt on the latter's visit to Scotland four years before) writes to B. W. Procter: "Can you tell me anything of our ancient ally Hazlitt?" but nothing came of the overture, the reason probably being that Hazlitt was much engaged by his biography of Napoleon. On the retirement of Jeffrey, one of the first steps taken by his successor was to seek out Hazlitt; and, the "Napoleon" being now finished, the latter entered upon the final period of his association with the *Edinburgh Review*, which is illustrated in the letters that follow.

I.

No. 3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

[Dated at end July 13, 1829.]

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to hear that you had been so good as to make some inquiries after me through Messrs. Longman. I need not say that I shall be happy if you will lay your commands upon me to do anything

that lies in my power. There are two works lately published that I think I might make something of, *viz.*, the Life of Mr. Locke by Lord King, and Southey's Dialogues of Sir Thomas More. But I only suggest these for your better consideration. I hope that Mr. Jeffrey is well, and I remain, Dear Sir, very respectfully, your obliged humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

Macvey Napier, Esq.
Edinburgh.

II.

3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

July 21st, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with your obliging communication this morning, and I shall be glad to attempt some account of Dr. Channing's character as a writer, though I am afraid from what I know of it at present I cannot estimate it very high. I will however do my best and let you know in time. He appears to me an ambitious common-place writer who makes his impressions bend to certain preconceived pulpit notions, a scholastic rhetorician, but able and an American. In case this and the others should fail, let me suggest another subject, the forthcoming *Life and Writings of Defoe* in which I should be somewhat *au fait* and could treat *con amore*. I should be sorry to do an indifferent article for a commencement. Tell Mr. Jeffrey I am much pleased by his [kind, *crossed out*] recollection of me and believe me to be, Dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

W. HAZLITT.

III.

3, Bouverie Street.

[No date. Endorsed by recipient 26 August, 1829.]

DEAR SIR,—I send the article on Channing that you may have time to see if it will do, I hope to do better with some other subject. I will get the account of Defoe as soon as I can, and look into Flaxman. What do you think of the *Fashionable Novels* as a subject? That would be safe and light ground. Do not let the Southey go undone. I am afraid you will think I am presuming too far. I have only to add that if you think the article I have sent will do, I would beg for a small advance upon it. I would not thus early appear in *forma pauperis*, but the loss of 200£ on my life of Napoleon through the failure of Messrs. Hunt & Clarke has driven me to great straits at the present moment. I remain, Dear Sir, your very respectful and obedient servant,

W. HAZLITT.

IV.

3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

October 5, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your very obliging communication in due course, and availed myself of your kindness. If you would send me the introductory lines of the part where you wish to begin the article on Channing, I would see if I could improve it. I hope to send you something on Flaxman in about a week's time. I am promised a copy of the Life of Defoe shortly. I see a new edition of Horne Tooke advertised. Would you dislike my trying my hand upon that? I remain, Dear Sir, your truly obliged humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

V.

3, Bouverie Street.

Nov. 7, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to find you think the *Flaxman* will do. I am about the Defoe, and shall attend to your advice. The only reason why I presume to think that my articles may *do* for the Edinburgh (not in the sense in which some people would pretend) is that they make perhaps a variety. If not so good, they are different from others, and so far, are the better for being worse. There are licenses in criticism, as well as in poetry. I am glad to find* that the Life of Locke is in the present number. Perhaps whether the review of Flaxman is included or not, you might be able to let me have the amount of the two articles on account, and this would, I hope, be the last irregularity of the kind I shall be guilty of. But as I said before, I have been sadly thrown out in my finances. I shall take care to let you have the account of Defoe in good time. You say nothing of Horne Tooke. Perhaps you are afraid to trust me with it; but I think if you would turn to my account of him in a certain work that shall be nameless,† you would perceive that I know something of the matter. If you suggest a subject to me, I will make the best I can of it; but I will promise never to suggest one myself that I do not feel master of. I remain, Dear Sir, ever your obliged, humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

P.S.—May I add that if you could favour me with a copy of the number, I could get it spoken of early in one or two quarters?—What is more to the purpose, I should be glad to receive one. This postscript, I am afraid, is a blundering one. Pray, overlook it, if it is wrong.—

VI.

[Dated at end Jan. 15, 1830.]

DEAR SIR,—I have done as well as I could. I hope it‡ will do. I hope you will let me know soon. If it is inserted, I shall be glad of a remittance for it as soon as convenient: but though I have put some strength and truth into it, I fear there is very little discretion. Your ever obliged servant,

W. HAZLITT.

VII.

6, Frith Street, Soho.

March 19, 1830.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked at Cloudesly and think I may make an article of it whether as a failure or successful, if you will give a certain latitude, I do not mean of space but style. I have a design upon Jefferson's Memoirs, if you please, and promise to do it well. I am not sorry I had not *Southey* as it is so ably

* That is, "to learn." The article on the Life of Locke was by Brougham. The "two articles" referred to are the Flaxman and the Channing, both of which, as well as the Locke, are in the *Edinburgh* for October. It is true that a payment for the Channing appears to be acknowledged in Letter IV.; but there was still due, one may assume, the difference between "a small advance upon it" and "the amount of the article." (Compare Letter V., in the first group of letters, for a similar mode of payment.)

† "The Spirit of the Age." Lamb said: "Horne Tooke is a matchless portrait."

‡ "Wilson's Life and Times of Defoe." *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1830.

done.* I received your remittance and am thankful for that, and still more for your approbation of my last. Pray tell me if there is any hurry: I hope to send you in a fortnight, if I am not prevented by accidents. I remain, Dear Sir, ever your truly obliged, humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

The article on Godwin's "Cloudesley" came out in April; the following issue contained articles on "Fashionable Novels" and on "Jefferson's Memoirs," but these are not by Hazlitt. He was now in failing health; and on September 18 he died.

P. P. HOWE.

THE BEDSIDE

You were not very ill,
And yet with cold quiet will,
Standing beside your bed,
I wished you dead.
I thought, Let it be now the end,
As one might speed some parting friend,
Saying, "Good-bye, good-bye, go now."
So would I then have kissed your brow
And wept to see you die
And mourned you for ever quietly.
For if it be not so, some other death
Will wait for your last breath.
And when I think what death can be,
What pitiless terror and agony
May come to take you, and how I
Shall clasp you to my distraught bosom and cry
For mercy, mercy, mercy unto us,
Then do I pray, O God, O God, not thus—!
And so you will forgive
—You who were still to live—
That standing there beside your bed
I wished you safely dead,
Dead of this little agony, this moderate pain,
This wavering fear that comes but goes again.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

DUSTING

The dust comes secretly day after day,
Lies on my ledge and dulls my shining things.
But oh this dust that I shall drive away
Is flowers, and kings,
Is Solomon's temple, poets, and Nineveh.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

HIC JACET. . . .

He lies not there. But dear and beautiful
A vestment of Time's fashioning lies there,
A Something that he wore with care
Of high respect when life was beautiful,
Then, unsparing, made it go
Through mud and dust and rain and snow
Of ugly days, till Death was beautiful
And laid it low.
"Here lies" . . . "Here lies" . . . they throng the burial
ground.
Rouen, our Norman cradle, cradles these,
These riven spirit-draperies,
While They, the inhabiting light, triumphantly
Unclothed of these, fulfil
Some perfect happiness of the Will
Above our pilgrimage—O, starry sky
Clasping the hill—
O, faithful spirits, nearer us perchance
Than when we held the hands Honour has folded
Asleep in France.

DOROTHEA SUMNER.

* By Macaulay, in the January issue.

REVIEWS

WALPOLE'S LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD. Chronologically arranged and edited, with notes and indices, by Paget Toynbee, D.Litt. 2 vols. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 17s. net.)

THESE two long-expected volumes, which complete and perfect Mrs. Paget Toynbee's great edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, will be welcomed by every lover of English scholarship. They contain a hundred and eleven hitherto unpublished letters, of which the most interesting are a series written in Italy to Sir Horace Mann and two childish letters to Lady Walpole, reproduced in facsimile. Among the letters published elsewhere, but not contained in Mrs. Toynbee's edition, are an important group addressed to Henry Fox and all that is still extant of Walpole's part in his correspondence with Madame du Defand. But the volumes are chiefly valuable for their mass of *corrigenda* and for the new light which they throw upon a multitude of minor matters. This additional information is almost entirely derived from the remarkable and only lately discovered collection of Walpole MSS. in the possession of Sir Wathen Waller—a collection containing, as Mr. Toynbee tells us, "private journals, note-books, and commonplace books of Horace Walpole, together with numerous letters addressed to him, marked 'for illustration,' which had been carefully preserved by Walpole in a series of letter-books, evidently with a view to their eventual utilization in the annotation of his own letters;" and we are glad to hear that we may look forward to the appearance of "the most interesting portions of this material in two further supplementary volumes." It would be impossible to overrate Mr. Toynbee's erudition, industry, and exactness; owing to his labours and those of the late Mrs. Toynbee, we now possess an edition of this great classic truly worthy of its immense and varied interests—historical, biographical, political, psychological—and its potent literary charm. The reader who merely reads for entertainment will find a volume of this edition a perfect companion for a holiday; while its elaborate apparatus of notes, indices, and tables will supply the learned inquirer with everything that his heart can desire. One blemish, and one only, can we discover in it: the omission of numerous passages on the score of impropriety. Surely, in a work of such serious intention and such monumental proportions the publication of the *whole* of the original material was not only justifiable, but demanded by the nature of the case.

Good letters are like pearls: they are admirable in themselves, but their value is infinitely enhanced when there is a string of them. Therefore, to be a really great letter-writer it is not enough to write an occasional excellent letter; it is necessary to write constantly, indefatigably, with ever-recurring zest; it is almost necessary to live to a good old age. What makes a correspondence fascinating is the cumulative effect of slow, gradual, day-to-day development—the long, leisurely unfolding of a character and a life. The Walpole correspondence has this merit in a peculiar degree; its enormous progression carries the reader on and on through sixty years of living. Even if the individual letters had been dull, and about tedious things, a collection on such a scale could hardly have failed to be full of interest. But Walpole's letters are far from dull, and, placed as he was in the very centre of a powerful and brilliant society, during one of the most attractive epochs of English history, the topics upon which he writes are very far from tedious. The result is something that is certainly unique in our literature.

Though from the point of view of style, or personal charm, or originality of observation, other letter-writers may deserve a place at least on an equality with that of Walpole, it is indisputable that the collected series of his letters forms by far the most important single correspondence in the language.

The achievement was certainly greater than the man. Walpole, in fact, was not great at all; though it would be a mistake to suppose that he was the fluttering popinjay of Macaulay's picture. He had great ability and great industry. Though it amused him to pose as a mere fine gentleman, he was in reality also a learned antiquary and a shrewd politician; in the history of taste he is remarkable as one of the originators of the Gothic revival; as a writer, apart from his letters, he is important as the author of a series of memoirs which are both intrinsically interesting and of high value as historical material. Personally, he was, of course, affected and foppish in a variety of ways; he had the narrowness and the self-complacency of an aristocrat; but he also had an aristocrat's distinction and reserve; he could be affectionate in spite of his politeness, and towards the end of his life, in his relations with Miss Berry, he showed himself capable of deep feeling. Nevertheless, compare him with the master-spirits of his generation, and it becomes clear at once that he was second-rate. He was as far removed from the humanity of Johnson as from the passion of Burke and the intellectual grasp of Gibbon. His dealings with Chatterton were not particularly discreditable (though he lied heavily in his subsequent account of them); but, in that odd momentary concatenation, beside the mysterious and tragic figure of the "marvellous boy," the worldly old creature of Strawberry Hill seems to wither away into limbo.

The mediocrity of the man has sometimes—by Macaulay among others—been actually suggested as the cause of the excellence of his letters. But this will not do. There is no necessary connection between second-rateness and good letter-writing. The correspondences of Voltaire and of Keats—to take two extremely dissimilar examples—show that it is possible to write magnificent letters, and also to be a man of genius. Perhaps the really essential element in the letter-writer's make up is a certain strain of femininity. The unmixed male—the great man of action, the solid statesman—does not express himself happily on those little bits of paper that go by the post. The medium is unsuitable. Nobody ever could have expected to get a good letter from Sir Robert Peel. It is true that the Duke of Wellington wrote very good letters; but the Duke, who was an exception to all rules, holds a peculiar place in the craft: he reminds one in his letters of a music-hall comedian who has evolved a single inimitable trick, which has become his very own, which is invariably produced, and as invariably goes down. The female element is obvious in Cicero, the father—or should we say the mother?—of the familiar letter. Among English writers, Swift and Carlyle, both of whom were anxious to be masculine, are disappointing correspondents: Swift's letters are too dry (a bad fault), and Carlyle's are too long (an even worse one). Gray and Cowper, on the other hand, in both of whom many of the qualities of the gentler sex are visible, wrote letters which reached perfection; and in the curious composition of Gibbon (whose admirable correspondence is perhaps less read than it deserves) there was decidedly a touch of the she-cat, the naughty old maid. In Walpole himself it is easy to perceive at once the sinuosity and grace of a fine lady, the pettishness of a dowager, the love of trifles of a maiden aunt, and even, at moments, the sensitiveness of a girl.

Another quality is perhaps equally important: the great letter-writer must be an egotist. Only those who are extremely interested in themselves possess the overwhelming pertinacity of the born correspondent. No good letter was ever written to convey information, or to please its recipient: it may achieve both those results incidentally; but its fundamental purpose is to express the personality of the writer. This is true of love-letters no less than of others. A desperate egotism burns through the passionate pages of *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*; and it is easy to see, in spite of her adoring protestations, that there was *one* person in the world more interesting to *Madame de Sévigné* than *Madame de Grignan*. Walpole's letters, with all their variety of appeal, are certainly a case in point. They may be read for many reasons; but the final, the attaching reason is the revelation which they contain of a human being. It is, indeed, a revelation of a curious kind—an uncertain, ambiguous revelation, shifty, deceptive, for ever incomplete. And there the fascination lies. As one reads, the queer man gets hold of one; one reads on—one cannot help it; the long, alembicated sentences, the jauntiness, the elegance, the faint disdain—one grows familiar with it all—and the glitter of the eyes through the mask. But it is impossible to stop: perhaps, just once—who knows?—when no one else is looking, the mask may be lifted; or there may be another, a subtler, change in the turn of the speech. Until at last one comes to feel that one knows that long-vanished vision as well as a living friend—one of those enigmatical friends about whom one is perpetually in doubt as to whether, in spite of everything, one *does* know them at all.

L. S.

A CENTURY OF ECONOMICS

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.—Vol. I.: A HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE PEACE OF PARIS IN 1815, TO THE DECLARATION OF WAR IN 1914, BASED ON PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. Vol. II.: TABLES OF STATISTICS FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM 1815. Edited by William Page, F.S.A. With a Preface by Sir William Ashley. (Constable. 56s. net.)

THIS work is a by-product of Messrs. Constable's great undertaking, the *Victoria History of the Counties of England*. Its editor is the able general editor of that History, and has a high reputation as an antiquary. It has been compiled by the contributors (largely by lady contributors) to that work. Help and guidance from the point of view of an economic expert have been given by the Vice-Principal of the University of Birmingham and Dean of the Faculty of Commerce.

The publication is an interesting instance of the way in which research on a large scale may open out fresh avenues of study in other directions. The principal (but not the only) source from which the compilers have drawn the wealth of information which they have placed at the disposal of the public is the voluminous series of *Hansard's Debates* for the last hundred years, or, to be more strictly accurate, for the 99 years between the signing of the Peace of 1815 and the declaration of war of 1914. For this period *Hansard* forms a whole library, and the mere industry of reducing it to a connected narrative is itself a boon for which we ought to be grateful. That it has resulted in an eminently readable volume full of smart sayings by the leaders of both sides, and reminiscent of all the economic and industrial struggles of the past, is also cause for satisfaction. That these economic and industrial struggles are now gathering round us in an accentuated form adds to the value of this historical review of the stages by which we have arrived at a

condition which appears to be so menacing to our future.

Mr. Page hopes "by this means to afford some assistance to those interested in the reconstruction which necessarily follows the destructive years of war," and he points out that his system of digesting the debates as reported by Hansard provides an impartial review of public opinion on the matters to which the volume relates. The collaborators have kept this object well in view; but it has to be borne in mind that Parliament, for all its omnipotence, is not able to control the whole of the economic and industrial movements that have marked the century in question. In a country like Great Britain, where the ways of thinking were at one time strongly individualistic, and the modern forms of Socialism have only slowly acquired the ascendancy they now seem to have, there are still elements of voluntary action which pursue their own course, asking from Parliament little more than to be left alone. If legislation affecting those elements is brought in and passed, it often passes *sub silentio*, and no controversy about it is enshrined in Hansard's mighty mausoleum of debate. For example, the references in this volume to Friendly Societies, to the Co-operative Movement, and to Savings Banks are few, and are not at all commensurate with the position those voluntary bodies occupy in the life of the community. It might also be objected that many utterances that not only the world, but the speakers themselves, would willingly let die are made in Parliament; but here the compilers have in general exercised a sound discretion, and the occasions are few in which they have noted the irrelevances and absurdities of which our legislators are sometimes guilty.

In an introductory chapter Mr. Page leads up to the events of 1815 by tracing the growth of the commercial prosperity of the country during the latter half of the eighteenth century and the first portion of the nineteenth, culminating in the commanding position over the seas occupied by it after the battle of Trafalgar in 1805. In useful appendices the expansion of the party system and the increasing power of the Cabinet are traced; lists of all the successive ministries during the century are given, and a chronicle of the dates and events affecting every portion of the British Empire from its first acquisition is furnished. A good index is followed by seven sketch-maps.

As the second volume consists wholly of statistical tables, it is not so readable as the first, but is equally informing. Mr. Page has collected statistics, for every year of the century under observation for which they are available, with regard to population, revenue, imports and exports, transport, production, wages, prices, and other subjects of similar interest, in 126 tables. The undertaking must have been not only laborious but difficult, for Parliamentary returns in consecutive form over long periods of time are not easily met with. Brief historical and explanatory notes are added where necessary. The evidence the tables afford of the marvellous growth of the Empire and of all its activities from year to year is indeed impressive, and will be a revelation to many people. The volume is a storehouse of facts for politicians and economists. The defect in particulars relating to voluntary associations which we noted as to Volume I. is to a certain extent supplied, for a table is given relating to Savings Banks; but it does not go further back than 1841, although those banks have been regulated by Act of Parliament since 1817.

To the congratulations we offer to the editor and contributors upon the result of their labours may be added a word of recognition to Lord Hambledon, to whom the work is dedicated, as having been rendered possible by his liberal encouragement.

THE PORTRAIT IN HISTORY

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS, 1700-1850.—Part I. 1700-1800. Part II. 1800-1850 (being Vols. III. and IV.). The Lives by C. R. L. Fletcher. The Portraits chosen by Emery Walker. Introduction by C. F. Bell. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net each.)

THE love of portraiture has prevailed in England ever since the pictorial arts developed the civilization of the people. It is unfair to say that portraiture was the most popular only because it was the most easily understood of the arts, because it made the least demand upon the imagination of the beholder, who recognized that the worthiest study of man is man. It made a like appeal in every land, to every student of history, of human character, of physiognomy, and above all to every patriot whose heart was moved by gratitude and pride. Collections of engraved portraits were published abroad long before they were thought of in this country. Students of biography—that is to say, of history "in little"—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have to consult many such: that wonderful series which during six score years were produced abroad to satisfy the never-failing demand. If you would study a single phase—that of medical iconography—you must turn to these, among others:

1566, Pentaleon (Bâle), mainly German; 1572, Philippe Galle (Antwerp), general, without text; 1574, J. Sambucus (Antwerp), medical and philosophical; 1587, Reusner (Strasbourg), mainly literary; 1597-9, J. J. Boissard (Besançon), general—plates by de Bry; 1600, L. Gaultier—that amazing sheet in two sections of 144 little portraits constituting his "Iconographie Collée" (Paris), general; 1609, Miræus (Antwerp), Belgian men of letters; 1609, Andreas Valerius Desselius (Antwerp), general; 1640, Jo. Imperialis (Venice), history and physics; 1676, Helvetius (Switzerland); 1682, I. Bullart (Paris, etc.), general. These are but a few. And so the stream flowed on.

When England awoke to the merely popular value of the album and the "gallery" of portraits in volume form a great school of portrait-engravers sprang up, foreigners as well as native artists. "Birch's 'Heads'" were divided between Vertue and Houbraken—perhaps the finest of all the Dutch masters of portrait-engraving. Most of the better nineteenth-century libraries contained publications such as Lodge and Knight, and books of "England's Worthies" and the rest. For the smallest purses there catered "pocket Walhallas" such as Woodrow's "Biographical Gallery." Specialized iconographies which were issued abroad inspired men like Dr. Pettigrew to go and do likewise. The flood never stopped, but became more national and comprehensive in character, and more definite in design: the spirit which called the National Portrait Gallery into being was caught by the publishers. The latest manifestation of it is the important work before us, which completes the scheme that began with the first great "English portrait" (but more likely by Belgambe) of Richard II., of c. 1400, and continued to 1700, presenting us with 230 portraits of the highest interest. The new volumes are conceived on the same broad lines, copious in illustration, and are a practical protest against the narrowness of outlook which in times past has usually controlled selection. That is to say, not only are the heroes of popularity included here, but personages less familiar to the general reader through having been undeservedly overshadowed by their contemporaries, yet with a claim as sound on the recollection of posterity. An omission is thus made good and a novelty introduced which must ensure the popularity of the work. It is a book that will send the reader back to those aids to the collector of engraved portraits: from Ames's "Heads," Granger, Bromley, and

their "continuers" down to the catalogues of the National Art Library and the British Museum: the last, by Mr. F. O'Donoghue, overtops them all.

Mr. Fletcher's potted "lives" are excellent: they are a pattern of what such brief biographies should be. Scholarly, of course, informative and readable, they are completely at ease in their handling of men in every walk of life; they are, besides, firmly yet delicately critical, showing a keen eye for humour and relish for a good story, and are flavoured with an attractive wit and, here and there, a refreshing touch of cynicism in their censure. They form, in consequence, an important and a piquant contribution.

The book has its limitations. It deals, as its title should by rights have made it clear, with British portraits only. It is an almost Eveless Eden to which we are introduced, for while this garden of the great and good is peopled with an assembly numbering not fewer than two hundred and thirty persons—there are four hundred and fifty in the entire work—not a score of women are allowed admission. And who are these? Five royalties, who scarcely count as epoch-making personages; a half-a-dozen literary women; four great ladies of society famous for wit or beauty; an actress (Mrs. Siddons), and a philanthropist (Mrs. Fry). Jane Austen, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mary Lamb, Maria Edgeworth, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More, with the others, hardly exhaust the list of women who have won, and deserve, national remembrance, and who, in some cases, merit—and receive—the scratch of Mr. Fletcher's pen.

But for the relatively insignificant price at which these welcome volumes are issued we should have resented the presence of a number of poor blocks and sometimes careless printing, as we resent the disagreeable purplish tone in which they are presented; it suggests that an eye deficient in colour-sense, in selecting the ink, had aimed at the tint of mezzotints and had hit that of damsons over-ripe. All the same, we have the record of design, of illumination, and of personality, and that must suffice. The ordinary reader, we may be sure, will care but little, especially when he finds before him nearly forty portraits by Reynolds (many of them previously unknown to him); nearly a score by Lawrence; a number by Kneller, Romney, Hoppner, Thomas Phillips, and the elder Pickersgill, and the rest by about a hundred different painters of whom the majority may be unfamiliar, and but a dozen by artists of foreign schools. Mr. Emery Walker has on the whole selected his portraits extremely well, aiming always at a portrait of truth rather than of accepting one of display—as, for example, when he prefers the intimate and perfectly candid portrait of Bishop Hoadly by Hogarth at the Fitzwilliam, and rejects the decorative *portrait d'apparat* by the same artist in the National Gallery. It is a sound principle. Even so, in the case of Charles I. we should prefer the brutal truth of the veracious Bower, with its unattractive air of obstinacy and stupidity and of little grace—an illuminating document!—to the sympathetic and perhaps servile flattery of a score of beautified portraits by Van Dyck.

A great merit to be acknowledged in this collection, then, is that it brings before us a regiment of painters who were stamping the British school of portrait-painting with its national character, some of them remembered now only through the personalities who, as their sitters, have rescued them from complete obscurity. Our English painters are often reproached for deficiency in the "rhetoric element" and decorativeness of style; let us, as students of life and history, be thankful rather that their limitations, their stiffness amounting often to uncouthness, have given us the plain truth and have persuaded us of their sincerity, even though they should rank the lower for it in their

reputation as artists. And, collaterally, let us be thankful that among their sitters, as is constantly the case, the bluff honesty that inspired Cromwell's demand is generally as evident as the contempt for imperial Hohenzollern-like vanity such as called forth Napoleon's order to his painter David: "You know how a conqueror should look—paint me like that!"

In his admirable Introduction Mr. Bell traces the course of the portraitist's arts—not painting only—during the period covered by these two volumes. Accurate perception and nicely-balanced judgment are characteristic of him; the comprehensiveness of his survey goes far beyond the scope of his illustrative matter. His essay invites no discussion, but often suggests comment. While just to Romney's merits and deficiencies, he is silent as to his poverty of draughtsmanship of the higher order. He does less than justice to Watts. On the other hand, his remark on the fine photographic quality of illumination in Raeburn's earlier portraits before photography was in existence is singularly acute; had Raeburn flourished in later times he would assuredly have been among the group of artists who have unjustly been accused of seeking the camera's aid. In his appraisal of George Dance's profile-portraits and their manifest truth, Mr. Bell fails to remark on the architect's almost invariable habit of exaggerating the nose; allowance for the peculiarity must always be made. When dealing with the silhouette he gives no hint of the ironic intention of the French doctor's invention—a satirical comment on the threatened tax on portraits and works of art. When doing justice to the "British art" of the mezzotint he gives no credit for the almost equal excellence of Irish scrapers; nor, in regard to Coyzevox's pupil Roubiliac, does he place to his account the brilliant so-called "D'Avenant bust of Shakespeare" in the Garrick Club—perhaps because this interesting identification is not yet generally known. If points such as these are raised, no lack of appreciation of Mr. Bell's worthy contribution is implied. Indeed, the work is to be welcomed in regard to all three of its sections, and, as a book of reference, will find a place on the shelves of every wise student of English domestic history and iconography.

I may perhaps be permitted to reply briefly to Mr. Bell's comment (p. xxxix) on my "British Portrait Painting to the Opening of the Nineteenth Century," which he describes as the most imposing book on the subject while according generous praise to the selection and quality of the illustrations. He declares it "odd" and the result "meaningless" that I should have "omitted the lives and works of the great foreign masters who made English portraiture what it was." Need it be explained that the object of the book—as the title suggests and the publishers' prospectus announced—was to deal with *British* painters to the exclusion of foreign—to devote to them as much space as possible and all the plates, thus making it practicable to include many British artists, even—especially, indeed—those less widely recognized, who otherwise would have been sacrificed? It did not come within the scheme to occupy space with the lives and works of Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, and all the others, for these are perfectly well known; at the same time comment on their influence was by no means neglected in the text.

The matter is of some personal consequence, as few readers have the opportunity of judging for themselves, or are likely to possess the volumes owing to their excessive costliness.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

WITH the object of promoting scientific agriculture Mr. Joseph Watson, of Wetherby, near Leeds, is establishing a large agricultural laboratory in Warwickshire.

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF THE EMPEROR LUCIUS SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS. By Maurice Platnauer. (Milford. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Third Century is one of the least known and most fateful periods in history. Its obscurity is due not solely to the badness of the records, but still more to the nature of the ground that must be explored if we are to understand how things went as they did. The literary records are meagre and mostly frivolous, while inscriptions and other archaeological relics do not provide a satisfactory substitute for even the most jejune historical annals; and even if we had a full account of the civil and military events of the age, confirmed by copious and unambiguous records in stone, we might still miss the essence of the matter, because the centre of interest is no longer in camp or imperial council chamber, but in the hidden mind and inmost emotions of men: we want the help not so much of the statesman and the military expert as of the psychologist, the alienist, the specialist in epidemic diseases of the mind.

For this much at least seems certain: the world was sane under Marcus Aurelius, and is established in insanity under Constantine. The change occurred in the intervening century: how it occurred we can, at present, only dimly guess; but the matter is of such importance for an age of psychic change like our own that we must be grateful to anyone who contributes in any way to illuminate the darkness. Therefore we welcome a book like Mr. Platnauer's "Life and Reign of Septimius Severus," not because it shows any great historical insight, but because, with laborious sifting of the evidence, it gives as exact an account as is at present obtainable of the facts bearing on the career of the Emperor under whose rule it first becomes clear that one epoch is rolled up and done with and a new one is being unfolded.

On the one hand, the reign of Septimius represents a final rally of forces that had made Rome great: Bacon calls him "the ablest Emperor almost of all the list," and Mr. Platnauer's story bears out that verdict. In law, in finance, in army reform, in provincial government, as judge, as general, as economist, Septimius is shown worthy to rank with the great Emperors of the past. In finance he inherited a bankrupt treasury; he left one full to overflowing, and that although his public largesses had been imperial almost to the point of insanity. When he came to the throne the State was on the verge of famine; he died leaving in the public granaries a seven years' supply of corn. He, more than any of his predecessors, sought to civilize and refine the soldier's life (it was he who first made it legal for the legionary to marry)† and while making the military career more honourable and hopeful, and thus widening the appeal of the army, he made the army itself a more efficient weapon by establishing, in addition to the defensive forces which everywhere guarded the frontiers, a mobile offensive force ready to the hand of the central government for instant use where and when required. The success of his provincial administration is attested by the mass of inscriptions in his honour composed by the gratitude of provincial communities and individuals. Gibbon had already noted that "our learned travellers . . . in Africa, Greece and Asia have found more monuments of Severus than of any other Roman Emperor whatsoever," and Mr. Platnauer shows that the fuller knowledge of such things gained since those days amply confirms the observation of Gibbon's authorities.

But, though Septimius thus stands in the direct succession of the great Emperors from Cæsar to Marcus Aurelius, he was essentially a man of his age, and shows in his own person the qualities that distinguish the Rome of the future from the Rome that has been. The distinction

is, roughly speaking, that the old Rome believed in reason, the new Rome did not. Old Rome believed that her state was fundamentally rational, strove to make this underlying reason more and more apparent in her institutions, and was impelled alike by blind instinct and conscious purpose to extend this civilization of reason to peoples hitherto outside its sphere. Old Rome was optimistic, self-confident and imperialist. New Rome was sceptical, self-distrustful, and, when confronted with external danger, only too well content to remain on the defensive. In both respects Septimius exemplifies the new tendency. The father of his adoption endowed philosophy throughout the world, and sought guidance from the Stoic creed at every turn of life. Severus, though calling Marcus father, looked for guidance not to philosophy, but to superstition: he married his wife because, though an obscure Syrian, she had a horoscope which foretold that she would one day be the wife of an Emperor: having dreamed that his successor would be an Antonine, he adopted himself into the Antonine family, and thus secured the fulfilment of the dream on the accession of his son. His court inaugurates the triumph of the Syrian over Rome which received its most startling illustration when his widow, the lady of the horoscope, called her grand-nephew from his duties as hereditary acolyte of a phallic emblem at Emesa and imposed him on the Roman world as Emperor Elagabalus.

And as in spiritual things, so too in practical affairs, Septimius is harbinger of the new order, at least so far that under him Rome passes definitely to the defensive. The first century saw the rise of the German peril when Decebalus, the Dacian forerunner of Bismarck and Bernhardi, aspired to form a United Germany drilled in the arts of scientific warfare, and allied with the half-barbarous Eastern power of Parthia in a joint attack on civilization. This peril Rome had met in the fashion characteristic of the old tradition: from Domitian's successful defensive, she passed, under Trajan, to the offensive: the Empire was extended north of the Danube and east of the Euphrates, and, though Trajan's successor, bent rather on the Empire's internal development than on external expansion, withdrew in the East and refrained from developing the outpost-province in the North, time proved Trajan wiser than Hadrian, and the peace-loving Marcus found himself forced to resume the expansionist policy: he had conquered the Germans of Bohemia, Moravia, Upper Hungary, and was on the point of incorporating their territories as integral parts of the Roman Empire when his sudden death and his successor's desire for the delights of the capital led to the conclusion of a bad peace with the barbarians and the sacrifice of the fruits of long years of war. But at last a strong man and a soldier was again on the throne: Marcus had felt the difficulties of recruiting for his later campaigns; Septimius by his army reforms had done much to overcome those difficulties: his army was efficient; his own success as a general was unbroken; he had no theoretic aversion to war; on the contrary, in his closing years he found in foreign war the best road to domestic peace: the feuds between his two sons grew so menacing in time of peace at Rome that the Emperor decided that the hardships of camp life on active service could alone stifle his family's dissensions. War, then, was decided on. But instead of undertaking the one war that would have brought prestige and security, instead of resuming the advance into Germany where Aurelius had left it, Septimius decided to invade not Germany, but Scotland; to extend the Empire not to the Elbe or Vistula, but to the Forth or, at farthest, to the Tay; to strike down the Caledonian hawk and ignore the gathering vultures on the Danube. So passed Europe's last chance of becoming a spiritual unity.

N. WEDD.

CREDO, ERGO SUM

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA. By Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. 2 vols. (Allen & Unwin. 16s. net each.)

THE most significant thing about President Masaryk's history of Russian literature and philosophy is that his book is also and chiefly a history of the Russian revolution. The essential thing about Russia's spirit may be deduced from the fact that a history of that spirit is inseparable from a history of Russia's actions. This direct, palpable connection between the idea and the act is typically Russian; it is so immediate as to suggest that the relation is that of cause and effect. In recognizing this fact President Masaryk's work fulfils a condition necessary to high excellence; even if he had done no more he would still have done much. This need of translating thought into action is responsible for much that is strange to us in Russian literature and in Russian politics. Nearly every Russian writer was also something of a prophet; his admirers and his detractors estimated his work primarily in its possible relation to action. Literary criticism, as we understand it, was almost unknown; it would, indeed, have been irrelevant. Disquisitions on the perfect or imperfect rotundity of bombs are beside the mark when they seem to be on the point of exploding. In Russia a novel was not regarded so much as a work of art as something which might lead to revolution or assassinations by its readers and to Siberia for its author. In its extent and intensity this kind of interest is peculiar to Russia. It is almost non-existent in England, while the connection between German philosophy and German militarism can only be established by the expenditure of a good deal of ingenuity. Even the connection between Rousseau's writings and the French Revolution is not crystal-clear.

The close connection between thought and action existing in the Russian mind accounts also for the omissions in Russian literature. Probably no people have taken philosophy more seriously than the Russians, but by philosophy they understood ethics. Theories of cognition, as President Masaryk points out, had no interest for Russians: the relations of such theories to action are not sufficiently direct. Such philosophy as Russia borrowed was immediately translated into politics. A philosophic speculation which we should make the occasion of an obscure debate at the Aristotelian Society, when transplanted to this strange Russian soil, flowered in executions and gangs of chained men. With such fierce sincerity goes an equally fierce contempt. Dobroljubov, speaking of what he calls the Oblomovians (from Goncharov's novel "Oblomov"), says:

None of the Oblomovians have transmuted into their own blood and marrow the principles that have been instilled into them; they have never carried them out to their ultimate logical consequences; they have never attained the boundary line where word becomes deed, where principle becomes fused with the innermost need of the soul, is dissolved into that need, and is transformed into the single energy that moves the man. This is why such persons never cease lying; this is why they are so inconsistent in the individual manifestations of their activity. This is why abstract opinions are dearer to them than living facts, why general principles seem more important to them than the simple truths of life. They read useful books to learn what is written therein; they write well-meaning essays in order to luxuriate in the logical constructions of their own phraseology; they utter bold speeches in order to enjoy the sound of their own periods and in order to secure applause. But all that lies beyond, all that is the goal of reading, writing, and oratory, if not utterly beyond their ken, is at least a matter about which they are little concerned.

There are not many writers outside Russia to whom we should concede the right to talk in this way, but we agree that the Russians have earned this right.

In a history of Russian literature, then, the chief emphasis must be laid upon *ideas*. We are dealing with a literature which, in the first place, is an incitement to action.

Russian writers were, in a remarkable way, members of a community; they were not isolated artists. For this reason a knowledge of the social and political conditions of Russia is essential to a right understanding of Russian literature, and President Masaryk shows a sound judgment in devoting so much space to purely political and social events. To trace the influence of Pushkin and Gogol, for instance, and to ignore the Dekabrist rising, would be to show a grave lack of the sense of proportion. And amongst the Dekabrists the most important man was unquestionably Pestel, "a Socialist before Socialism," as Herzen called him. Pestel's ideas, as we can see now, were in the main current. They greatly influenced Herzen who, in his turn, exercised an enormous influence on the Russian literature and philosophy of his day. An acquaintance with the writings of Herzen is essential to an understanding of the Russia in which Dostoevsky wrote. Apart from this interest Herzen appears to us now, in the light of recent events, as a singularly instructive figure. Successfully man of science, mystic, materialist, revolutionary writer and novelist, he is, intellectually, thoroughly sophisticated. It sometimes seems as if the modern world is treading a road down which Herzen has already passed. Indeed, much of Russian literature reads like that of a more experienced and not a less experienced people, so that one sometimes wonders whether it is not Europe, after all, that is still young. At the beginning of his career as a revolutionary writer Herzen was filled with a religious enthusiasm. Everything was to be destroyed from its foundations; only so could a revolution have any real meaning—the French Revolution being, like all other revolutions, a failure. "Long live chaos, therefore, long live destruction! Vive la mort! Make way for the future. We are the executioners of the past!" In the process, as he says, child or mother may succumb, but—*E sempre bene!* As time went on something of this fervour faded.

Society evolves, moves gradually forward. The state is doubtless a transitional form, but its function is not yet superseded. . . . He who is unwilling that civilization should be founded on the knout must not endeavour to secure liberty through the instrumentality of the guillotine.

And later he does not believe that progress does occur; no ultimate aim towards which human improvement tends is discernible. There is no history, there are only individual moments. And the man who was willing to sacrifice thousands to the future of humanity now thinks that the misery and death of a single human being is no less irrational and inharmonious than the misery and destruction of the entire human race by some cosmic catastrophe. This last view is the attitude of many modern Europeans faced with the prospect of a universal revolution that destroys society "from its foundations." But Herzen would not welcome them as equals. Have they earned the right to their opinion? are they, in the terrible Russian sense of the word, sincere? This is the test applied by Ropshin in his novel "The Tale of What was Not," published in 1912. He reaches the same point as Herzen, although the problem presents itself to him more after the manner in which Dostoevsky saw it. Ropshin (Savinkov) was himself a terrorist. He was the leading spirit in the assassination of Plevé and in that of the Grand Duke Sergius. He escaped from prison a few days before the date fixed for his execution. Stepniak (who killed the chief of the secret police with his own hand in the public street), in his novel about the revolutionaries, belongs to Herzen's first stage. He never had any doubts. Ropshin has reached Herzen's last stage, but he says:

In my view, either we may always kill, or we may never kill. Does this mean that we may not, and yet we must? Where shall we find the law? In the party programme, in Marx, in Engels, or in Kant? To say this is nonsense—for neither Marx nor Engels

nor. Kant ever killed anyone. They never killed—do you hear me? never. Thus they do not know, cannot know, what you and I and Volodja know. Whatever they may have written, it remains hidden from them whether we may kill or may not kill.

Not only must the Russian act on his theories, but he cannot pay attention to the theories of those who do not act. It is this which gives to Russian literature and philosophy its distinctive note; it is this that makes that literature seem so strangely sincere. In estimating the value, to Russia, of her own writers, therefore, the classification as greater or smaller "artists" is irrelevant. The literary pedigree usually given is misleading: we should not be far wrong if we gave Belinski, Herzen, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky as the main sources of Russian ideas and actions. President Masaryk points out that European thought has great influence in Russia—that Belinski derived from Hegel, for instance, and Herzen from Feuerbach. This is doubtless true, in a sense; but we fancy that some of the German philosophers would have felt uneasy in the presence of their disciples.

President Masaryk's book, which was finished in 1913, terminates with a foreboding of approaching revolution. Many of the younger writers, it is true, had revived the old reactionary programme, but their ideas were immediately subjected to a searching analysis, conducted with typical Russian seriousness. The revolutionary current persisted, and a writer named Lenin occurs somewhat frequently in President Masaryk's later pages. But in 1913 the issue was still in doubt. Which group of theories will prevail? We now know the answer, and we see once more that such questions, in Russia, have more than an academic interest.

J. W. N. S.

CARLETON'S STORIES

CARLETON'S STORIES OF IRISH LIFE ("Every Irishman's Library"). With an Introduction by Darrell Figgis. (Dublin, Talbot Press; London, Fisher Unwin. 3s. net.)

THE so-called "National" novel, if we accept Scott's generous record of the Maria-Edgeworth inspiration for "Waverley," came from Ireland; and, to whatever degree later practitioners have varied the type, few subjects can ever become so fruitful as that "distressful" country. The stage Irishman we know and may deplore. But more serious artists, of different eras, have long familiarized us with every sort and kind among the sons of Erin.

William Carleton, however, declares boldly that "there never was a man of letters who had an opportunity of knowing and describing the manners of the Irish people so thoroughly as I had." For his time and generation the boast was justified. Born and nurtured in a cabin; wandering—if not driven—from pillar to post in search of the bare necessities; always at home as a "rustic dandy" (reputed scholarly), and never at home with regular work; neither literary success nor a Government pension was ever adequate to his support. It is true that, as a writer, he can eloquently deplore the Irishman's love of a row, his doggedness in a family quarrel, and his masterly ineffectiveness. True also that he was not ignorant of where a part, at least, of the evil had its origin: that he could passionately protest against an "alien" rule, finding "nothing for the Catholics for the worship of God except the mere altar, covered with a little open roof to protect the priest from rain, which it was incapable of doing."

Nevertheless Carleton himself was (by any accepted standard of the Anglo-Saxon) no less shiftless than the most ignorant of his own characters, and very little more disposed to face to-morrow with any caution or forethought. A converted Protestant, his most official responsibilities were undertaken as clerk to the Sunday School Union;

but he was a Ribbonman before he had ceased to be a schoolboy, and never flaunted the Orange flag. It was, indeed, his ready understanding of all sides which effectually prevented his being really popular with his own countrymen, and tended to direct his appeal along other (in many ways less sympathetic) channels. Even his ultimate success never brought him any adequate reward, mainly because he would not listen to Miss Edgeworth's practical advice about agreements with publishers.

For us, however, the consequences offer at least as much good as evil. His temperament and his experience combined to produce a picture of the peasantry which is unrivalled as an historical document, and fascinating as a work of art. Mr Darrell Figgis, indeed, is much troubled because he only saw life "piecemeal": the

queer dartings to and fro from point to point of view sometimes upset the balance both of his work and judgment, not to mention our patience. No man has more nobly and adequately exhibited certain essential parts of Irish character; and yet it is true that few men have been more responsible for certain silly conceptions that an enemy has been only too ready to form.

Not being an enemy, but a warm friend to all and everything Irish, while understanding the patriot's protest, we must confess ourselves satisfied with the admission of Mr. Figgis—as to a question on which he is supremely qualified to speak—that "the parts are all true" and "there is no falsity" in Carleton's work. It is, obviously, very unequal—in merit and interest: he "followed his art round from point to point of view, sometimes as narrator, sometimes as exhibitor, very often as round and sound moral preacher": the results are not all equally to our edification. But at his best,—as, undoubtedly, in these particular "Stories"—Carleton inspires us with love for Ireland and the Irish, delighting us in the process.

The irresistible wit and humour of "Phelim O'Toole," with its astounding tragical *denouement*; the masterly characterization of "The Hedge School"; the surprising and light-hearted cynicism of "Neal Malone"; the rough-and-tumble of "The Party Fight," inextricably mingled with its childlike superstition and primitive pathos: combine to form a picture of Ireland which only excites the more our curiosity towards that most fascinating and most insoluble of all problems, a definition and an analysis of the Irish temperament.

We would not, certainly, speak of the Irish as a subject race; but always and everywhere in their history (and in Carleton's stories) we are aware of "an Ascendancy over the water," of the "other nation" ever intruding to stamp out her "historic and traditional glory," ever imposing "amazing penalties—penalties of land tenure and consequent insecurity of property, of mental culture, of national and personal freedom." Protestant though he became, Carleton writes always as one oppressed, of those suffering from similar oppression, and for that very reason appeals with undying power to the generous ethic of fair play which has always characterized the Anglo-Saxon elsewhere; and, however the details of manners and customs have changed to-day, the essence of the atmosphere remains the same. What he wrote for his own generation has lost nothing of its force to-day.

It is no wonder that Mr. Bernard Shaw is for ever assuring us that we cannot hope to understand his fellow-countrymen. The very latest developments of "efficiency" will not help us here. The stolid and slow-witted Anglo-Saxon can only love and admire. Perhaps one day—may we hope, not far distant?—the Englishman will at least be sane enough to leave his cousin the Celt to his own devices; when those of us who recognize the glamour and the glory of that hampered race may once more rejoice—unhindered by memories of shameful indebtedness—in the limitless future of a free people.

R. B. J.

DILETTANTISMS

OBITER SCRIPTA. By Frederic Harrison. (Chapman & Hall, 5s. net.)

MR. HARRISON began his career as an author, fifty-seven years ago, at the age of thirty-one, by writing on the *Meaning of History*: since then he has produced books on what he calls the philosophy of Comte, on an old manor house, on choosing books, on King Alfred, Ruskin, the Alps, William the Silent, social problems, Victorian literature, and memories and thoughts. His present book, consisting of notes contributed month by month to the *Fortnightly Review* and republished "by request," contains his reflections upon literature and politics, upon life and letters. In letters Mr. Frederic Harrison is a sound dilettante; for him Æschylus is the greatest of tragedians, "at once an Isaiah, a Dante, and a Milton"; Jane Austen is "faultless and matchless in her own modest role"; Charlotte Brontë "a lonely genius that cannot be classified or paired"; and he considers the finest epitaph ever written "the unforgettable inscription which Shernstone wrote for his cousin, Maria Dolman," and which appears in his book as follows:

Heu, quanto minus e
Cum reliquis versari st
Quam Tui
Meminisse.

He once tried to translate this into English, and produced the couplet:

Ah! can the living be to me
All that I feel remembering thee!

But, as he says himself, "No! this won't do."

The greater part of his book is, however, devoted to reflections upon politics and society, and the psychological interest is in the political and social rather than the artistic dilettantism of its author. Mr. Harrison tells us many times in this book, as he does in his other later works and from time to time in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, that he has been for over half a century a veteran republican, a democrat, a friend and counsellor of the working classes, a founder and supporter of trade unionism, an internationalist. He still retains the beliefs, sympathies, and outlook of fifty years ago, and in sorrow, and sometimes in anger, he points out that the republicans, the trade unionists, and the working classes refuse to listen to Mr. Harrison, and are thus Bolsheviks, traitors to their country, dangerous propagandists of Kaiserism who "should be not answered, but watched and interned." A short-sighted critic might think that Mr. Harrison was inconsistent in this, but such a view would overlook the real nature of his political psychology. He really is a consistent republican; but republicanism for him means a gentle and gentlemanly theory which might amuse, but could not shock, a tea-party in South Kensington, or even Buckingham Palace. The dilettante republican, therefore, can with complete consistency refer to George V. as "our royal, loyal, indefatigable George," who, "alas! cannot give the support that a George gave to a Chatham and a Pitt"; while his terror of any actual disturbance of the *status quo* is reflected in the grammar of his prophecy: "If the dormant privileges of the Crown were formally renounced we are brought a step nearer to anarchic ochlocracy." The veteran dilettantist republican becomes a veteran dilettantist trade unionist. In 1913 Mr. Harrison said:

For my part, now for exactly fifty years, I have taken part in every attempt to secure better conditions of labour, and especially to enfranchise and develop all forms of labour institutions, trades unions, benefit, co-operation, educational societies. I do not go back on anything I have ever said or done in that sacred cause.

In so far as Mr. Harrison's visible claims to being a

veteran in the sacred cause of trade unionism are concerned, they rest upon the fact that fifty-two years ago he was a member of a Royal Commission on the subject. And trade unionists of 1919 will be amused, and a little astonished, to learn that in the eyes of Mr. Harrison the cause of the unions is sacred only if they keep to "their true and legal function as benefit clubs for their members." The nicely behaved workman may call himself a republican and sing "God save the King"; he may call himself a trade unionist and have his Mechanics' Institute and his Goose Club; and he will still be patted on the back in the drawing-rooms of South Kensington; but, if he begins to talk of class-warfare or strikes or shop stewards or capitalism, he becomes immediately in the eyes of a veteran dilettantist trade unionist indistinguishable from a Bolshevik ("See Russia to-day" is the sentence with which Mr. Harrison clinches his arguments and his paragraphs). And naturally in dilettantism there is no place for anything so revolutionary as a "Labour Party." Mr. Harrison is terribly upset by the existence of a Labour Party in Parliament. He is, indeed, so upset that he tries, but not with much conviction, to argue that it does not exist. He is driven to fall back upon the lament that "our political system is being depraved by the use of catchwords, labels, and names." But why boggle over this label of "Labour"? Mr. Harrison has no objection to the label "Liberal Party." The Marquis of Crewe and Mr. Winston Churchill and all the gentlemen who enter Parliament under the banner of Liberalism are justified in calling themselves "Liberals," but Mr. Clynes of the Gas Workers and General Labourers and Mr. J. H. Thomas of the National Union of Railwaymen are not "workmen" and have no right to call themselves "Labour." And then Mr. Harrison produces an argument of curious cogency to prove that there cannot be such a thing as a Labour Member; he says:

What is a Labour Member? Is it one elected by working men? That is the suggestion implied; but it is not true. There is no constituency which consists wholly of actual manual workers.

But what would happen if a "Labour" Member replied to Mr. Harrison:

What is a Liberal Member? Is it one elected by Liberals? That is the suggestion implied; but it is not true. There is no constituency which consists wholly of Liberals.

We suggest to Mr. Harrison that a good many of his difficulties will vanish if he adopts the hypothesis that a Liberal Member is a person elected by persons who support the Liberal Party, and a Labour Member is a person elected by persons who support the Labour Party.

Finally, a word must be said with regard to Mr. Harrison in his character of veteran dilettantist economist. A good many pages of his book are devoted to proving to his working-class friends the impossibility of taking away the wealth of the rich and devoting it to paying the cost of the war. Here, too, his argument is curiously cogent. He defines wealth as "that which is owed under contract," or, in another place, as "credit." In other words an I.O.U. or War Loan is wealth, but the estates of the Duke of Westminster, the coal mines of the Duke of Northumberland, are not wealth, because they are not "owed under contract." With this definition, it is comparatively simple for Mr. Harrison to prove to Labour that it cannot conscribe wealth. For, if you take away all the I.O.U.'s, everything "which is owed under contract," you would destroy credit, and wealth means credit, and therefore wealth would disappear. "We elders of a dead world," says Mr. Harrison elsewhere, "will bury our dead. We will look on, wondering, and hope for you."

L. W.

MR. WALPOLE IN THE NURSERY

JEREMY. By Hugh Walpole. (Cassell. 7s. net.)

"I AM determined," says the author, "to give the truth and nothing but the truth about the years of Jeremy's life that I am describing."

Jeremy Cole is a normal little English boy of eight.

... "Sausages!" He was across the floor in a moment, had thrown off his nightshirt and was in his bath. Sausages! He was translated into a world of excitement and splendour. They had sausages so seldom, not always even on birthdays, and to-day, on a cold morning, with a crackling fire and marmalade . . . Oh, he was happy.

Later that same day he is told that next year he is to go to school.

... "School!" he turned upon her, his eyes wide and staring. "School!" he turned on them all.

The world tumbled from him. In his soul was a confusion of triumph and dismay, of excitement and loneliness, of the sudden falling from him of all old standards, old horizons, of pride and humility.

A week or two passes, and he is punished for telling a lie by not being allowed to go to the pantomime.

At that judgement a quiver for an instant held Jeremy's face, turning it, for that moment, into something shapeless and old. His heart had given a wild leap of terror and dismay. But he showed no further sign . . .

The day dragged its weary length along . . . Once or twice the Jampot tried to penetrate behind that little mask of anger and dismay.

Spring comes. Our eight-year-old leans from the window; "beneath the rind of the soil he could feel the pushing, heaving life struggling to answer the call of the sun above it."

And Summer. When, as he drove to the holiday farm, "the wind blew across the moor, with the smell of sea-pinks and sea gulls in it." When, upon his arrival,

his happiness was almost intolerable; he could not speak, he could not move, and in the heart of his happiness there was a strange unhappiness that he had never known before . . . so that he felt like a stranger who was seeing his father or his mother or his aunt for the first time.

We confess we had no idea, until Mr. Walpole put it to us in such good round terms, that a perfectly normal little boy of eight thought and felt like this, especially when, as in the case of this little hero, his external existence was so insufferably dull, tepid, and stodgy.

Jeremy and his sisters spent half their time going for walks with an imbecile old nurse and later with an imbecile old governess, and the other half sitting in the nursery either being good or not being good. Their father, the Rev. Herbert Cole, was an "excellent father," but "the parish absorbed too much of his time to allow for intimacies"; their mother, "the most placid woman in Europe," they saw for half-an-hour before bedtime. We are given no sign that the children had any part in the life of the house or any real rich life of their own. Their little thrills, excitements and alarms all seem to have happened between meals, between bacon and strawberry jam, or treacle pudding, or fish pie, or the famous sausages, or saffron buns—a difficult diet to be gay upon. No wonder there are moments when poor Jeremy forgets his spring fancies and sighs—"I'd like to eat jam and jam—lots of it," he thought. "It would be fun to be sick . . ."

But for all the author's determination, "the truth and nothing but the truth" does not shine through the small heart he would explore. There is, however, no doubt that he has enjoyed writing his book. He positively gambols.

Her teeth clicked as always when her temper was roused, the reason being that thirty years ago the arts and accomplishments of dentistry had not reached so fine a perfection as to-day can show. She had, moreover, bought a cheap set. Her teeth clicked.

As for the publisher. He will stand no nonsense from anybody.

Jeremy is, indeed, one of the finest child characters ever presented, and in him Mr. Walpole has achieved a triumph.

What is our appropriate *geste* as we bow ourselves out?
K. M.

ARE THE MODERN GREEKS ARTISTIC?

GREEK FOLK-LORE AND GREEK MUSIC. By P. J. Petrides. (Printed by W. Cate, Hogarth House, Great Saffron Hill, E.C.)—The numerous pamphlets issued by the Anglo-Hellenic League have the effect of making the reader profoundly thankful to belong to a nation which does not suffer from invidious comparisons with its ancestors of pre-Christian days. Mr. Petrides' aim is to refute Salomon Reinach's frank criticism, "The modern Greeks are not artists," and to demonstrate that the nation's culture assets in folk poetry, music, and dancing are valuable enough to entitle us "to anticipate a first-rate artistic efflorescence." Here again we meet the old story of the noble potentialities of the Greek nation of to-day, which, if given a fair chance, would prove itself the worthy descendant of the race to which Pheidias and Sophocles belonged.

It is unfortunate that the specimens of folk-songs are not given in the original. Any charm of language is lost in the translation, and the sentiments are not striking. Those of us who have felt the beauty of Sophocles' "Ἐρως ἀνίκαιε μάχην" will hardly agree that its parallel is to be found in: "A bird cannot live without air nor a fish without water; nor can a lassie and a lad live without love."

In parenthesis we should like to suggest to Mr. Petrides the advisability of avoiding in future any use of English slang. Conversationally "jolly good" (p. 27) will pass, but not in written work; "rather decently" (p. 13) is quite inappropriate; and "tackling with" (p. 39) is not English.

Music, song and dance are woven together in national dances such as the Syrtos, where the leader waves a handkerchief and sings as he dances. A moving and elevated impression is produced, according to Mr. Petrides, but other spectators have been less enthusiastic. It is, however, just possible that from this background some future artist may evolve a new type of ballet which will rival the Russian dancers in popularity. Encouragement must be given by the State; academies of literature, music and dancing must be founded in order to revive the traditions of classical Athens. Meanwhile the cosmopolitan music-hall is popular even under the shadow of the Acropolis, and "superficial international culture" in the guise of jazzing has a tight hold on the violet-crowned city. An interesting commentary on this theme could have been found at a recital recently given in London by the Greek operatic tenor, whose renderings of Italian opera found high favour among his countrymen, while the Greek ballads which he introduced roused no enthusiasm.

Mr. Petrides is an idealist. He points out the way to the national renaissance in which he believes, but are there men willing and able to follow the path? Otherwise all his "beautiful dream" of a "fourth Greek civilization" will not "quit the celestial dream of imagination." And the modern Greek will continue to be judged by his works, and not by his potentialities, and will be found wanting as an artist.

THE current *Bodleian Quarterly Record* has a note on what it describes as probably the most interesting scientific printed book in the Library, namely, a copy of Tycho Brahe's "Astronomiæ instauratæ mechanica," printed at the author's own press at Wandsbeck in 1598. The work contains a very interesting view of Brahe's famous observatory at Uraniborg, together with a minute description of it. The illustrations are finely coloured and gilded. On the fly-leaf is a Latin poem to Marino Grimani, Doge of Venice, to whom the copy was presented by Brahe; the poem is signed "Tycho Brahe manu propria." The volume was presented to Oxford in 1633 by Henry Wotton. It is interesting to recall Brahe's success as an astrologer with his prediction in his "Prophetical Conclusion of the New and much admired Starre of the North," which appeared in 1572. The "great hero of the North," who was to arise in 1592 and last till 1632, fits almost exactly Gustavus Adolphus, who was born in 1594 and died in 1632.

Science

THE SCEPTIC AND THE SPIRITS

IT is only youth that has the energy to be bothered with everything. There comes a time when one's mind is "made up" on all sorts of things that were once matters of inquiry; we have profited by experience; we know that some things are not worth investigating. It is one of the marvellous laws of growth that this increase in wisdom should accompany physical decay. As our teeth and hair start to fall out our judgment grows riper. The law of growth is not really as simple as this, for there are many silly old men and there are one or two wise youths. The rich, mellow, balanced period is never reached by some people: Solomon, on the other hand, was noted for his wisdom while still a young man. There is, it must be admitted, something mechanical about old men's wisdom. Truth is one, of course, so that we should expect a certain unanimity. The answers of the old can usually be predicted. Wisdom can be simulated; all that one lacks is the conviction, the spirit that animates the letter.

Deep conviction is a very impressive quality, especially to youth, which secretly doubts everything. The man of strong convictions is a cause of optimism in others, for life would appear a sad cheat if the payment for sixty years of it did not include one certainty. Youth's certainties make as much noise, but everybody detects the bluff. A fearful man shouts to hearten himself, as all the world knows. Between the certainties of youth and age there is scepticism, a *fine fleur* of brief life, an exquisite tempering of the soul, neither too soft nor too hard, an infinite flexibility. It is a state of intense activity; life lived at this pace cannot long endure; the tired spirit relaxes and one finds rest either in credulity or in dogmatism, accident determining which attitude affords the soundest slumber. It is not always easy to detect the true sceptic; that honourable title has often been wrongly bestowed—Voltaire, for instance, was a dogmatist. Sceptics exist in all ages, but they are more clearly revealed at those periods that see the birth of some new inquiry. It is essential to their indubitable manifestation that the inquiry should be attended by the passionate interest of a large number of people. At the present day a very good test inquiry is spiritualism. It is a very much better test than Free Trade and Tariff Reform, for, owing to its comparative remoteness, the true sceptic of that alternative might live and die in obscurity. But spiritualism is a subject on which no one is genuinely indifferent and towards which hardly anyone is genuinely sceptical. Dispassionate inquiry on this, as on all matters where human interests are strongly engaged, is usually a pretence. We need not suppose that the great ones of the Psychical Research Society are less credulous than the majority of believers or less intolerant than their louder opponents; it is merely that, their traditions being scientific, they have better manners.

Psychical literature, as a whole, is as wearisome as theological literature, as incredible but less amusing than the lives of the saints. We lack the quality, be it faith, hope or charity, which would enable us to share these strange excitements. The "exposers," on the other hand, are too sturdy in their common-sense. We hear the mallet fall, but we are not always sure that the eggshell is broken. It is a situation for the sceptic. In the late Lord Rayleigh's presidential address to the Psychical Research Society we find that the sceptic has at last appeared. It is merely a record of his own experiences, very plain, very simple, and, like the experiences themselves, singularly elusive. Many years ago, in a

friend's rooms at Cambridge, he witnessed an exhibition of the powers of Madame Card, the hypnotist. When she had completed her passes over the closed eyes of those present she asked them to open their eyes. "I and some others experienced no difficulty; and naturally she discarded us and developed her powers over those—about half the sitters—who had failed or found difficulty." From hypnotism he passed to spiritualism, his interest aroused by Sir William Crooke's experiences. He induced the medium, Mrs. Jencken, and her husband, to visit his country house as guests. He describes the results as disappointing:

I do not mean that very little happened, or that what did happen was always easy to explain. But most of the happenings were trifling, and not such as to preclude the idea of trickery. One's coat-tails would be pulled, paper cutters, etc., would fly about, knocks would shake our chairs, and so on. I do not count messages, usually of no interest, which were spelt out alphabetically by raps that seemed to come from the neighbourhood of the medium's feet. Perhaps what struck us most were lights which on one or two occasions floated about. They were real enough, but rather difficult to locate, though I do not think they were ever more than six or eight feet away from us.

Another incident was the gradual tipping over of a rather heavy table at which they had been sitting. "Mrs. Jencken, as well as ourselves [i.e. Lady Rayleigh and himself. The husband was not admitted to these séances] was apparently standing quite clear of it." He found it very difficult to reproduce the phenomenon himself, using both hands. He endeavoured to "improve" the conditions for some experiments. After being shown some writing, "supposed to be spirit writing," he arranged paper and pencils inside a large glass retort, which he then hermetically sealed. Nothing then appeared on the paper at these séances. "Possibly this was too much to expect. I may add that on recently inspecting the retort I find that the opportunity has remained neglected for forty-five years."

And so he has left the matter. The experiences were certainly strange yes, but in his judgment not strange enough. On the other hand, he is reluctant to believe they were due to fraud, and he is quite convinced that he was not a victim of hallucinations. If Mrs. Jencken were a clever fraud "her acting was as wonderful as her conjuring." She practically never made an intelligent remark on any occasion. "Her interests seemed to be limited to the spirits and her baby." In investigating this subject he finds that the attitude of convinced believers makes a difficulty. They "take no pains over the details of evidence on which everything depends." Others attribute all these phenomena to the devil and will have nothing to do with them. "I have sometimes pointed out that if during the long hours of séances we could keep the devil occupied in so comparatively harmless a manner we deserved well of our neighbours."

The general disbelief in scientific circles that meteorites really came from outer space occurs to him. This disbelief was due, he points out, to the impossibility of producing the phenomena at pleasure in our laboratories. Nevertheless, the disbelief was unjustified. Spirit manifestations may be, he thinks, just such sporadic phenomena. The situation is made worse by the fact that there has undoubtedly been a great deal of fraud in connection with spiritualist phenomena. Eusapia Palladino, for instance, undoubtedly practised deception, "but that is not the last word." Telepathy puzzles him. If there is such a means of communication, why should Nature have adopted the laborious method of building up our very complicated senses? An antelope in danger from a lion, for instance, depends on his senses and speed. "But would it not be simpler if he could know something telepathically of the lion's intention, even if it were no more than vague apprehension warning him to be on the move?"

He advises the society to continue their investigations, and mentions that it is quality, not quantity, that is so desirable in evidence. He concludes by saying that he fears his attitude, or want of attitude, will be disappointing to some members of the society. He suggests that after forty-five years of hesitation "it may require some personal experience of a compelling kind to break the crust." He apologizes for this. "Some of those who know me best think that I ought to be more convinced than I am. Perhaps they are right."

There he leaves us. We do not believe more or disbelieve less, yet we are completely satisfied. His massive sincerity, his obvious competence and, above all, that impression of exquisite balance, have charmed us. So far as present evidence is concerned we feel that while he has said nothing he has also said the last word. That is the function of the sceptic. S.

THE applied sciences, like the pure sciences, are international; this is a fact which has its disadvantages, for in the multiplicity of publications in different languages lies the danger that communication may be imperfect. Every modern engineer knows that he ought to be aware of what is being done in his subject in every country. Valuable ideas know no geographical frontiers. He ought to read every technical journal bearing on his subject. This is a physical impossibility. It was long ago recognized as desirable, therefore, that a kind of bird's-eye view of the world's scientific and technical press should be provided, and such a view has been provided, more or less imperfectly, by a number of journals. During the war the British Government turned its attention in this direction, and the result is a fortnightly publication known as the *Technical Supplement to the Review of the Foreign Press*. In this excellent production abstracts of technical articles in all branches of technology, and translated from all languages, are given in a convenient form. The practical engineer is thus enabled to see what is going on. Should he decide that an article or articles may be worth reading in full, he may borrow the original or else be provided with a full translation. The intention and scope of the scheme are excellent. The Government has been sufficiently enlightened to provide the means; it remains for the British engineer to show that he is sufficiently enlightened to make use of them. We learn that he is already responding. Perhaps the war has done something to break down that shortsighted indifference to his own interests which is responsible for the backward state of many branches of British technology. This is a Government venture which deserves full support.

THE arrangements for the British Association meeting at Bournemouth, September 9-13, are now fairly under way. In Section A (Mathematical and Physical Science) there will be discussions on the Origin of Spectra and on Thermionic Tubes. The Committee on Wireless Telegraphy will present a report; and Prof. Eddington will report on the recent solar eclipse, which has excited so much interest in connection with Einstein's Theory of Gravitation. The arrangements for this section include a good list of subjects. The programme of Section B (Chemistry) is not yet announced. The Geological Section (C) will devote most of its attention to the phenomena of the locality. Section D (Zoology) promises a rich programme, the joint afternoon lectures on Lice and Disease, and on Grain Pests and the storage of wheat, being of peculiar interest at the present time. The Geographical Section (E) will also discuss many matters of topical interest, including Air Photography, Long-Distance Air Routes, and the Colonization of Africa. Amongst other subjects, Section F (Economic Science and Statistics) will treat of certain problems made pressing by the present state of labour. Section G (Engineering) pays a good deal of attention to the engineering advances made during, and largely because of, the war. In connection with the Anthropological Section (H) there is a chance for members to visit the Channel Islands with Dr. Marett, if they notify their desire before the meeting. Section J (Physiology), in conjunction with the Sub-section of Psychology, will discuss the influence of the six-hour day on industrial efficiency.

Fine Arts

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING AT THE MANSARD GALLERY

II.

HENRI MATISSE'S reputation has grown so much since the last time that he was seen in England that the few small works by him here are sure to arouse a great deal of interest. Two belong to his penultimate period—a nude and a small portrait; one—a girl with a parasol on a terrace—reveals his latest manner. It is said that this latest development of his art has achieved an extraordinary popularity in Paris, and one can well understand it. It shows his astonishing virtuosity, his perfect taste, and the infallible tact of his sense for colour. It is extremely slight in treatment; the white canvas counts in every part of the picture, and the colour is put on in transparent washes and scumbles of colour which is brilliantly pure, and yet exquisitely refined. Here once more in European art is something of the Oriental delicacy and reserve which Whistler attained in his happiest moments.

And yet one hopes this will be a passing phase in Matisse's development—that he will return to more solid construction, to more deliberate planning of design, to a more serious research for plastic quality. Even Matisse cannot afford to rely so much on improvisation and virtuosity, on the charm of his handwriting and the surprise of his impromptu synthesis of appearance. Only a highly gifted master could possibly have done this little picture—only a master so highly gifted that he has no right to do it often.

The other two pictures are much more serious works. The nude is beautifully harmonious in rhythm, and the relief is achieved with modelling of surprising simplicity; the portrait is, as usual with Matisse, vividly personal and characteristic, and as colour it is perhaps the most beautiful of all. Matisse can make a few subdued shades of dull browns and violets with a note of degraded yellow appear just as pure and melodious (if one may use such a simile) as the most brilliant primaries. Matisse's colour-harmony is peculiar. It gratifies the senses immediately and intensely, and at the same time it satisfies the imagination as expressive of the idea. It is the intensity and degree in which both these ends are attained that forces one to compare him with Oriental colourists.

Picasso's colour, particularly as seen in the two small works at the Mansard Gallery, is much less sensual. Every tone seems to have been sifted and tried by some deliberately recognized principle before it is admitted. The range is so strictly limited that they might almost be regarded as tinted monochromes, and yet what luminosity and warmth Picasso gives to these sober arrangements of grey and brown! What strikes one most is their extreme distinction. Velasquez would recognize his compatriot as a colourist at all events.

But it would be absurd to discuss Picasso's art at length on the basis of these two, by no means recent works, though they are both admirable examples of a certain period. Nor is Derain's range to be easily estimated by the small pictures and the chalk drawings here seen. For all that, they are full of interest, and of such recent date that they show the direction in which he is moving. He, too, seems to be restricting his palette more and more, seeing how intense and vivid a colour-scheme can be got with black, white, and a few earth colours. His little flower piece is indeed almost nothing but black and white, and yet it is the expression of a colourist, not at all of a chiaroscurist. It is evident from these later works

that Derain is gradually abandoning his rigid and systematic definition of planes, his sculpturesque modelling, and aiming at a more specifically pictorial plasticity, with great fusion of tones and something almost like atmospheric envelopment. His two little figure pieces might evoke reminiscences of both Watteau and Renoir. But perhaps his new direction and what it might lead to are best seen in his *sanguine* sketch of a waterfall. Here, as though to prove that methods were entirely indifferent to him, he has rubbed the chalk into the paper with his finger; it is a sequence of mere smudges of red chalk; its actual texture is as featureless and as accentless as a student's prize drawing from the antique at the Academy. There are absolutely none of the superficial qualities of handwriting, accent, definition, that we are accustomed to expect from modern artists, and yet it is just as expressive of the new ideas of organic design and unified plasticity as any of Derain's earlier works. In fact, I am inclined to think it one of the most passionate and intensely personal designs that he has ever created. It is evident that Derain will not yet become the victim of his own style.

Two younger artists are seen here adequately represented. One, Modigliani, has never been shown in England before, though his drawings have been for some years coveted by English collectors. It is still pre-eminently as a draughtsman that he shows himself in his paintings. His attitude to relief is still that of a sculptor and a draughtsman. This does not mean that his colour is not good; on the contrary, precisely because he regards it merely as a medium for amplifying his plastic linear design the problem is simplified. His method is the opposite of Cézanne's and of most of those who derive from him. For Cézanne all form was revealed by the oppositions and assimilations of coloured planes; for Modigliani the form exists apart, and is merely clothed with colour. Thus he tends to model each object in a tone of local colour. His flesh is all flesh colour, lighter or darker according to the planes, but never changed into some other colour. What prevents his colour from being drab and monotonous is precisely what prevents his tone from being too mechanically exact, namely, a strong feeling—again a sculptor's feeling—for surface quality. He hates any dead uniformity of surface. His almost exaggerated sensibility plays around every particle of the surface with infinite, almost imperceptible, variations of handling and minute gradations of colour. His work varies very much; some of the portrait heads seem too thin in quality and almost schematic in design. On the other hand, in one of the nudes his attitude is almost too literal, as though a literal vision had been reduced by a purely intellectual process to a preconceived linear rhythm. But the large nude where he has taken over the theme of Giorgione's "Venus" is sensitive throughout and of great beauty. Modigliani is still, I think, a finer draughtsman than he is painter, but there is no denying his aptitude for developing a kind of pictorial-sculptural idea of form—a method, by the bye, which was common enough among the painters of the Renaissance.

Of de Vlaminck's work nothing has been seen in England since the Grafton Gallery Exhibition. The numerous works by him at the Mansard Gallery show how gradual and how logical his development has been. Of all the artists of the modern movement he appears as the most entirely spontaneous; painting with him seems to be so purely instinctive, so inevitable a function of his nature, that he scarcely seems to trouble about it at all. One has the impression of a man free alike from anxiety and ambition, who paints almost as a man might fish or ride, simply to satisfy a private and personal need. He seems to be an amateur in the best, most literal sense of the word. His pictures have often suffered from this attitude; they

have sometimes been too slight, too casually and nonchalantly painted quite to carry conviction or fully to realize the idea. But his work also shows the merits of his defects. As he never, one guesses, paints because he ought, or because some one else wants him to, but only because he himself wants to, he never paints without some definite inspiration. That the inspiration is not always fully elaborated or completely apprehended is true, but it is always there and always recognizable. Hence, in spite of his markedly personal attitude, the great variety of his pictures. The themes he starts with are very various, they are all coloured by the medium of his personality, but not so much that their variety is evident. Thus among the pictures in the present show is one that comes as a shock—a fishing smack sailing approaching a jetty with a stormy sky and inky sea. At first sight it reminds one of the melodramatic seascapes of de Louthembourg or some other painter of the early nineteenth century. It is only after a time that one sees how exactly similar de Vlaminck's reaction has been to that which he shows before a village street in sunshine or a bottle on the table. He remains always purely pictorial and never an illustrator. What strikes one about these recent works is the immense step forward which de Vlaminck has made of late. Suddenly he has reaped the benefits of his boy apprenticeship and of the effortless sincerity of his earlier work. His style has become broad and easy, his unity apparent and indisputable. In short, de Vlaminck is now a master.

A few words must be devoted to Utrillo. I remember some years ago seeing a few of his works hung high up in a little dealer's shop and offered at prices which the youngest English painter would consider derogatory. I liked them, but, being preoccupied with other painters at the time, did not altogether take them in. Now that a tragic fate has put an end to his activity his work is out of reach of any but the relatively rich collector, and now too late I see more clearly what I missed. In self-defence I must add that Utrillo's quality is by no means obvious. Odd bits of blank wall, butt ends of tenements in the suburbs of Paris, the gate of some outlying cemetery, all the most banal and depressing situations of the dreariest parts of a great town—such is Utrillo's chosen material, and superficially he treats it with a distressing literalness. It is only gradually that he reveals a curious and disquieting sensibility—a feeling for the relation of white wall to white sky, an almost morbid interest here and there in minute details, and, above all, a quite strange feeling for quality. I find it impossible in words even to hint at the strange poetic imagination that these realistic pictures convey. Perhaps a Méryon turned classic will come as near to a suggestion as possible. They are well worth seeing.

ROGER FRY.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY in their annual report insist on the urgent necessity for an extension of the Gallery. In 1896, when the collection numbered 1,036 portraits, the building was barely large enough. Since then 800 portraits have been added, so that the proper chronological and historical arrangement can no longer be maintained. Since the Armistice the Trustees have repeatedly pressed for the evacuation and redecoration of the Gallery in accordance with the promise given by the Government; but they regret to report that the prospect of the Separation Allowances Department of the War Office being installed elsewhere and of an early reopening of the Gallery appears remote. In the meantime some forty portraits will be exhibited in one of the newly decorated rooms of the National Gallery, so that a fraction at least of the collection can be seen by the Dominion troops in England. Twelve portraits have been given to the Gallery since the last report, among them a miniature of John Keats, by Joseph Severn, which has been on loan in the Gallery since 1911.

RECENT LONDON POSTERS

THE most effective poster of the season has been undoubtedly Mr. Hugo Rumbold's bill for "The Daughter of Madame Angot" at Drury Lane. It is one more example of the way in which the amateur frequently defeats the professional at his own game. Mr. Rumbold is properly speaking not a poster artist at all. His name probably means nothing to the dynamic little men of the advertising world. His poster defies all the traditions of popular advertisement. It contains no anecdotic "idea," no bright colours, no finished representation of stuffs and still life; the figure is flat, and the lady's face is far from the ideal of prettiness as understood by the patrons of publicity. Nevertheless it is a great success. It sings out in a note clearer and more resonant than its neighbours on the hoardings, and—incidentally—with a more agreeable timbre. This unpretentious black-and-white design of a *Merveilleuse* on a terrace is simply and charmingly drawn, with just enough distortion to give the necessary arresting quality and just enough grace of attitude to escape angularity.

Next in effectiveness is the poster signed "Hicks" for "Laughing Eyes" at the Strand Theatre. The artist has made an experiment in simplification, rudimentary, it is true, but sufficient to intrigue the passer-by and achieve a journalistic success.

The new recruiting posters present sunny pictures of life in the army, the accuracy of which can be competently appraised by the demobilized soldier. To City merchants and the fair sex their appeal doubtless appears irresistible.

For the rest, the professional publicity draughtsmen continue to cover all available spaces with attempts to rival the obvious allure of Mr. Barribel's rollicking suburban ladies who dangle their jade and turquoise ear-rings to point the merits of various brands of cigarettes and candy.

R. H. W.

NOTES ON ART SALES

ON July 23 Messrs. Christie dispersed the collection of old-English furniture, needlework and embroideries of the late Major Francis R. Gregson of Tilliefour, Kemnay, Aberdeen. A Jacobite glass goblet 9½ in. high, with the crowned monogram I.R., fetched £283 10s. (Stoner). A Charles II. mirror, in frame of embroidery of flowers and figures in coloured silks on white satin, sold for £199 10s. (Dawson); a panel of needlework of Flora in a chariot, inscribed "This screen, the work of Queen Anne, was presented by her Majesty to the Right Hon. Richard Hill, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Turin, 1703," 30 in. by 24 in., for £152 5s. (Hand); and a double panel of Queen Anne needlework with mythological subjects in petit-point, 32 in. by 50 in., for £147 (Walters). Six William III. walnut chairs with Queen Anne needlework were bought for £630 (Arditti); Messrs. H. & J. Simmons paid £315 for five chairs with petit-point needlework figures; and a pair of Queen Anne chairs slightly carved and painted black, and a pair of armchairs, went for £183 15s. (Harris), and four Hepplewhite mahogany armchairs for £105 (Mallett).

Christie's sale of silver, both English and foreign, of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, on July 23, was unusually interesting. A chased epergne with masks, George II., by Paul Lamerie, 1738-9, weighing 176½ oz., was sold for £1,800, and a pair of inverted pear-shaped Commonwealth and Charles II. vases, 1658 and 1670, by T. Issod, 24 in. high, weighing 336 oz. 14 dw., for £1,936 (Crichton). A pair of James II. table candlesticks, inscribed with the arms of Staple Inn, 1685, weighing 31 oz. 9 dw., £330 4s. 6d., and a Queen Anne teapot by P. Platel, 8½ oz. (at 660 shillings per oz.), £280 10s., were secured by Mr. Harman. Mr. S. J. Phillips acquired a pair of Louis XV. chased soup tureens, Paris, 1750, weighing 627½ oz., for £500; and a silver-gilt nef, 20 in. high, weighing 98 oz., Strasburg, late sixteenth century, formerly in the Londesborough collection, for £3,300. The famous Drake Cup, which was originally the property of Sir Francis Drake, and is mentioned in his will, was also sold. It came into the possession of Captain G. F. Thomas-Peter of Chyverton, Callestick, Cornwall, who derived it from his ancestor, Thomas Peter. The cup is of silver gilt, weighs almost 43 oz., and is 20½ in. high. It is the work of Abraham Gessner of Zurich, and dates from 1571. It was bought by Mr. Phillips for £3,800.

Mr. Phillips was also the purchaser of the Drake Medal or "Drake's Silver Map," commemorating the voyage of Drake in 1580, for £235. This is a thin silver circular plate engraved with the hemispheres on either face. Only four specimens of it are known, and it was offered for sale at Sotheby's on July 24 and 25, as Lot 1 in the catalogue of the collection of British naval medals of Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven.

Music

"CUPID AND DEATH"

THE Glastonbury Festival opens on Monday next with an English musical drama which has probably not seen the stage for two hundred and fifty years—James Shirley's masque of "Cupid and Death," set to music by Christopher Gibbons and Matthew Locke. It is a work of great beauty both as literature and as music, and is further a very important link in the chain of English operatic history.

English opera had two parents—the play with incidental music, of which "The Tempest" is the most characteristic example, and the masque. The masques of the days of James I. and Charles I. are little known except to literary historians, and the literary historians have as a rule paid scant attention to their history as works of spectacular art. A masque was not just a semi-dramatic poem; it was a combination of dancing, music, poetry and scenic architecture. The poetry has survived in the printed page; for the architecture we have the verbal descriptions, and in a few cases the original drawings of Inigo Jones and others. The music has suffered the greatest neglect, but more of it has come down to us than is generally supposed. Our chief difficulty as regards the reconstruction of the music is that it has been scattered into fragments like the pieces of a puzzle, and it would need the patient toil of years to identify all these oddments and assign them correctly to their composers and their proper places in the masques which they adorned.

The fundamental idea of the masque was a "disguising," an elaborate dressing-up by a party of aristocratic amateurs. Arrived at the place of entertainment, they performed some set dances, after which they unmasked and joined in "the revels" of the general company, like the gipsy masquers in the third act of "La Traviata." As the masque became more popular it acquired other features. Allegorical personages came in to introduce the masquers and make them the centre of some poetic fiction, decorated further with choral songs, and eventually with passages of the newly fashionable "recitative musick." Lastly there was added the "anti-masque" or comic scene, acted by professional actors. In Ben Jonson's masques the anti-masque is always full of amusing topical jests; in the later masques it degenerates into a sort of *revue*. The scenic history of the masques is of the greatest importance, for it was in the masques that Italian stage principles were introduced into England, resulting in the eventual transformation of the Elizabethan platform stage into the picture-stage of the Restoration.

The Court masques came to an end on the outbreak of the Civil War. The dramatists had to find other sources of livelihood, and Shirley, who had been the author of the most extravagantly mounted masque ever produced—"The Triumph of Peace" (1633)—adopted the humble profession of a schoolmaster. But he did not leave off writing masques, and some of his best work was designed to be acted by schoolboys. The famous poem "The Glories of our Blood and State" is the concluding song of "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses"; and in "Cupid and Death" there occurs another song which has found a place in modern anthologies—"Victorious Men of Earth." "Cupid and Death" was first acted on March 26, 1653, as an entertainment in honour of the Portuguese Ambassador, organized by a certain Mr. Luke Channen. He is probably the same person as Luke Channell, a dancing master mentioned by Pepys (Sept. 24, 1660). Mr. Wheatley suggested that he was identical with Luke Cheynell, "mentioned as a hop-merchant," and we know from a play of Dufrey's that "hop-merchant" was a

slang term for a dancing-master. Channell is also named by Downes as an assistant to Priest, the dancing-master at whose school "Dido and Æneas" was performed. Christopher Gibbons, who composed part of the music, including "Victorious Men of Earth" and a beautiful duet "Open, Blest Elysian Grove," was a son of Orlando Gibbons. Locke was his junior by some fifteen years, and was then about twenty-three. In 1656 he composed some of the music to Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," and himself acted in that opera. In 1659 there was a revival of "Cupid and Death" at the Military Ground in Leicester Fields, and it is probable that for this performance Locke made considerable additions.

The story of "Cupid and Death" is taken from Æsop, familiar to English readers of that date in the versified paraphrases of John Ogilby, with whom Shirley had collaborated in Dublin. Cupid and Death meet by chance at an inn, where they accidentally exchange arrows, so that Cupid goes about the world killing lovers and Death causes the aged to fall in love. Shirley's work follows the conventional lines of the masque in its general plan. It opens with some comic scenes in spoken dialogue. Cupid and Death arrive at the inn and are received by the host and the chamberlain, who is the prototype of the many comic waiters of English literature. It is by his malice that the arrows are deliberately changed. This forms the first anti-masque. The scenes are separated by songs sung by a chorus which takes no part in the action. Next we see the disastrous effects of the exchange; in dumb show Cupid shoots the lovers, to the despair of their ladies, and Death rejuvenates two aged couples who "dance with antick postures expressing rural courtship." Nature watches the scene and comments upon it in recitative. A second anti-masque follows; the chamberlain, who has fled from the inn, appears leading apes, and, on being struck by Death, falls grotesquely in love with them. Finally they are dispersed on the appearance of Mercury, who bids Cupid and Death "restore their fatal shafts," and consoles Nature by showing her the lovers in Elysium. This brings what was always the climax of a masque, the "grand dance" of the principal masquers.

It seems probable that most of the recitative was composed by Locke for the revival of 1659. Gibbons's share of the music is limited to a few dances and non-dramatic songs. The "operatic" portions are all by Locke, whose declamatory music is remarkably dramatic and expressive. He contributed also some instrumental interludes and dances which show a very remarkable sense of stage effect and lend themselves admirably to mimic interpretation. It is one of the tragedies of musical history that not a single bar has survived of the first real English opera "The Siege of Rhodes"; but the music of "Cupid and Death," the score of which in Locke's handwriting is safe in the British Museum, may give us some sort of idea as to what that lost music was like. In 1673 Locke made another attempt at English opera, this time in collaboration with Shadwell, who adapted Moliere's "Psyché" to the very different traditions of the English stage. It is a work which would hardly bear revival now; but it was at any rate a step forward to Blow's "Venus and Adonis" and Purcell's "Dido and Æneas," in which English opera emerges as a complete organism.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY announces seven concerts, all on Thursday evenings, for its next season, which will begin on November 20, the last concert taking place on May 20 of next year. The conductors will be Mr. Albert Coates (two concerts), Mr. Landon Ronald (two concerts), Mr. Adrian Boult, Mr. Geoffrey Toye and Mr. Kennedy Scott. The programme will be on the familiar lines. At least one British work will be in each programme, and several new British works will be produced.

ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME

FRENCH MUSIC OF TO-DAY. By G. Jean-Aubry. Translated by Edwin Evans. (Kegan Paul.)

M. JEAN-AUBRY is one of those enthusiastic apologists who almost disarm criticism by their sheer ingenuousness. His little volume has been rather severely handled in some quarters, and were it a volume of recent production, and a serious attempt at criticism, one would indeed be compelled to call his judgments in question on almost every page. Reading of de Sévérac, for instance, that "the expression of his thought is never overtaken by mediocrity," that his works "attain more surely than any others to the essence of human sensibility and emotion," that he seems "to have attained to the gentle nobility of the earth itself," one would reply, perhaps too brusquely, that he is a likeable composer, but one who can on occasion be dull, prolix, and sentimental. And of D'Indy, "dignity made music," in whose works is displayed "a constant feeling of grandeur that puts fear into our contemporary meannesses whenever they encounter it," we should say, "He reeks of midnight oil. He can be delightful when he forgets his theories, but too often he is dull, dull, dull."

But such animadversions are scarcely called for if one remembers the conditions under which these sketches—they are no more—were written. For many years M. Jean-Aubry has been the unofficial, and recently (one gathers) the official, missionary of French culture. Only the first chapter of the book is new, the others ranging over various periods, and in some cases dating as far back as 1906 and 1907, when the modern French achievement was virtually an unknown quantity in England. In these circumstances M. Jean-Aubry's task was clearly, from his point of view, to excite our interest and arouse our sympathy, rather than put forward a detached critical appreciation. The traveller with wares to sell can hardly be expected to pass a dispassionate verdict upon their quality. At the same time, the publication of these essays in book-form in 1919 is an occasion on which one may say frankly that the need for it to-day is by no means so obvious, and that a pamphlet which was opportune in 1909 may be rather tiresome ten years later, and even—so crabbed a people are we—produce an effect the very opposite from that intended. Musical propaganda to-day is busier than ever; but though, despite the efforts of certain eminent critics and professors, our music is shaking off (for the process is not yet complete) the Teutonic obsession, we have no desire whatever merely to exchange it for a Russian, French, or Italian obsession. Of all countries in Europe, England to-day is probably the least insular in its appreciations; but to those who, like M. Jean-Aubry, have goods to cry we would utter this appeal: "Do not try, with a too-apparent tactfulness, to lead us into the right path. If you have anything of interest, as you undoubtedly have, please, please send it along, and if you want us to view it from any particular standpoint, give us a hint. But go no further. If when we have had time to read, hear, and digest it, we find it after all not to our liking, you may be sure it is due to some peculiarity of our national temperament, and not to prejudice or obstinacy. And for our part, we shall have the same confidence in your good faith as we hope you will have in ours."

R. O. M.

It is not usual to find a novelty included in the first programme of the Promenade Concerts; nevertheless Mr. Balfour Gardiner's short new orchestral work, "The Joyful Home-coming," is in an appropriate vein of cheerfulness for the occasion, for it was written in an outburst of good spirits at the prospect of demobilization. It will be conducted on Saturday by the composer.

Drama

THE SCEPTRE OF PELLISSIER

THE Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room has always been one of the best of theatres. There is no end to the enjoyment that can be given by a handful of intelligent people with the help of a piano and half-a-dozen properties. The professional equivalent of this form of entertainment has proved equally successful, as is shown by the career of the German Reeds, Corney Grain, George Grossmith the elder, and within recent memory Pellissier and his Follies. Since his premature death a throne has been vacant; it looks like being filled now.

"Les Rouges et Noirs" come to the Savoy after entertaining their fellow-soldiers in France behind and near the front. The most refreshing thing about them is that they avoid "Bairnsfatherdom," which (whatever the intentions of its creator) became in the end a mere device for persuading stay-at-home patriots that it was, after all, rather good fun to be bombed and bayoneted. There is in the present performance a flavour of "Ole Bill" about the soldier on leave who comes to the pretty French girl to buy souvenirs for his missus on his way to the base, but the fun and pathos of this little episode have nothing to do with the humour of shell splinters. And Mr. Hal Jones is a more moving "Ole Bill" than many actors who have borne the title. In this, as in many other scenes, he proves himself a real comedian, somewhat hag-ridden by the spectre of George Formby, it may be, but with a genuine freshness, and probably with a capacity for development. Indeed, the whole troupe give the impression that they are feeling their way to something new. They are imitative often, but never shop-soiled. The three comedians, for instance, who do the sketch of the seaside minstrels have still some way to go, but it is impossible to doubt that they will get there.

Lastly there is "Phil." Here we actually reach creative art. We have met the male "beauty" at the O.U.D.S. and A.D.C. Modern wig-making and make-up can do much to sustain the illusion. But Mr. Reg. Stone is not dependent on the Clarksonian art. It is his acting as much as his appearance that makes his reproduction of the musical-comedy lady such an admirable piece of satire. For the satire is there throughout, delicately pointed without ever being protruded, and this saves the thing from the suspicion of mawkishness. Perhaps Mr. Stone ought never to have dared it, but, since he has, it is impossible not to appreciate it. The only danger is of his founding a school. All imitators must be shot at once.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

THE plays which Mr. Bridges Adams is producing for the Summer Festival at Stratford are "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Winter's Tale," "Julius Cæsar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Romeo and Juliet." There is a performance every evening from August 2 to August 30, and in addition six matinées.

I saw before my departure the first three plays, and on my return journey discussed them with a fellow-traveller, who summed up their effect very justly as follows: "In most productions you feel that a great many persons have been at work, the producer, the stage-manager, the scenic artist and so forth. But this time I felt I was in contact with the work of a single mind. There was a lack of finish here and there, as though the actors had been working against time, but the general effect was very fresh and stimulating, because, as I say, one felt all through in touch with a remarkably clever personality."

It is unnecessary to support this verdict in detail, but I must say a word about the scenery, designed by Mr. Bridges

Adams and painted by Mr. George Legge. Just as Mr. Adams is not a fanatical adherent of "no cuts," so he does not strain himself to reproduce the rude simplicity of the Elizabethan stage. There is no reason to believe that a stage crowded with Elizabethan gallants and ornamented by a placard, "This is ye Enchanted Island," seemed to Shakespeare an ideal setting for "The Tempest." Mr. Adams avoids both extremes, pseudo-simplicity and over-elaboration. He has a real gift for delicate effects that will stimulate without distracting the spectator's imagination. I might instance the background in the last act of "The Merry Wives," where the quaint shapes of the trees against the light sky of an English summer night seem to typify the mixed humour and poetry of Falstaff's misadventure in Windsor Park.

The visitor to Stratford during August will find other sources of instruction and entertainment than Shakespeare. Mr. Cecil Sharp, the director of the English Folk-Dance Society, has made the town his headquarters for the summer. Through the courtesy of Miss Karpeles, one of Mr. Sharp's fellow-workers, I was enabled to attend, as an onlooker, classes of instruction in the morris dance, the sword dance, and old country dances.

These dances were once the spontaneous expression of rustic vitality and joy of life. If "Merrie England" ever existed, these dances are the form in which that merriment expressed itself. The dance was born of the merriment, not the merriment of the dance. In reconstructing these old dances, Mr. Sharp is reconstructing the symbol of an emotion which no longer exists. He is putting the cart before a horse which happens, apart from its disadvantageous position, to be dead. It is difficult, therefore, to agree with Miss Boutelle that Mr. Sharp's work is "one of the most valuable latter-day contributions to the advancement of education." What Mr. Sharp has done is to provide a great many people with a new and healthy form of recreation.

There is another summer school of dance at Stratford, held by Miss Ruby Ginner. The course includes Greek, Egyptian, Neo-Classic dancing and National dancing; and also Dramatic and Dance Mime, taught by Miss Irene Mawer.

At first sight the criticism of Mr. Sharp, that he reconstructs the symbol instead of the emotion, might seem equally applicable to Miss Ginner. But there is a real distinction between the two aims. To give an instance: the pupils of Miss Ginner perform a Greek funeral dance, with gestures of fear, horror and grief. But while the morris dancers are supposed to be overflowing with rustic abandon, the imitators of the Greek dance are performing a purely dramatic exercise. The emotions evoked by death are the same in every age, and the modern girl is as capable of reproducing them dramatically as the girl of ancient Greece.

The vulgarity of modern dancing can best be counteracted by the grace and delicacy of such work as Miss Ginner's. That is one of Miss Ginner's aims, and she is trying to realize it by instructing dancing teachers from a number of girls' schools.

I must not close this brief review of Stratfordian activities without a word about the Shakespeare Head Press. Of all the permanent institutions at Stratford, the Shakespeare Head Press seemed to me the most in harmony with what ought to be, but perhaps is not, the spirit of the place. Mr. Bullen, the founder of the Press, has taken as his motto Thomas Fuller's saying: "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost"—a hazardous text for a publisher in this or any age, but Mr. Bullen has lived up to it. Recently, for example, he published Gabriel Harvey's "Marginalia," after it had been rejected by the presses of Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley's "Shakespeare in Italy," a book praised and repeatedly quoted from by Benedetto Croce, is another work which might have remained in manuscript but for Mr. Bullen's enterprise.

But the Press has had to suffer for the high ideals of its founder. Learning has gained, but the printer has lost. One wonders sometimes whether that class of persons known as "wealthy lovers of literature" really exists. If it be not the phantasm of a hungry poet's imagination, one of its members may perhaps read these words, and determine to make the financial basis of the Shakespeare Head Press as secure as its artistic superstructure is rare and admirable.

H. K. L.

Correspondence

SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I send you a small contribution to the interesting list that is in course of collection in your columns:

Gaspirator, anti-gas mask.
Knife-rests, *chevaux de frise*.
Concertina, collapsible wire entanglement.
Elephant, corrugated iron shelter.
Baby elephant, small corrugated iron shelter.
Baron, army commander.

These were in daily use in France.

In your issue of May 23 Dr. Baker speaks of "fougasse" and "banquette" as novelties. They have been in regular use in the Army since Marlborough's time, and will be found in the "List of Military Words" supplied to Army Schools, the R.M.A. Woolwich Text-book of Fortification for the last 50 years, etc. "Buzz," to send a telegraph message, is at least 30 years old. It is derived from Cardew's vibrating sounder, known in the service since its introduction, about 1883, as the "buzzer."

"Archie," in France, meant an anti-aircraft gun, not a member of an anti-aircraft force. The name follows nicely after "Mother" (8-inch) and "Grandmother" (9.2-inch).

Dr. Baker has two misprints in German in your number of July 11. It should be *Minenwerfer*, not "Minnenwerfer" (though their shells were known as "Minnies"), and *Unterseeboot*, not "Unterseebot."

"Gadget" has been in use in workshops for many years to mean a "device": "I shall have to put in some gadget to do that." It is enshrined in a doggerel parody:

All things bright and beautiful,
Gadgets great and small,
Bombs, grenades, and duck-boards,
The Sapper makes them all.

As corruptions for place-names, the following seem worth recording:

"Doing it," for Doingt (near Péronne).
Hinges, pronounced as the plural of "hinge."
Shocks, for Chocques (near Béthune).
Bert, for Albert.
Ocean Villas, for Auchonvillers.
Burbury, for Burbure.
Business, for Busnes.

Yours obediently, J. E. E.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I do not think the following expressions have been mentioned by other correspondents:

"To dump" a thing that it is a nuisance to carry means to get rid of it.

"A sprucer" is a man who tells tall stories. A man who is "ticked off" for wrongdoing by his officer may escape further punishment by "sprucing him up a yarn" or "telling the tale."

"Chewing the fat" means talking things over.

"Whacked to the wide" means to be tired out.

After a heavy day's march I have heard soldiers say they were "crawling in on their eyebrows."

"Seam squirrels" is Australian slang, and means lice.

A friend of mine who had been made a corporal and expected soon to become a sergeant wrote that "he had his second stripe up, and was sweating on the third." This agrees with another correspondent's translation of "sweating on the top line" as meaning to be within an ace of what you want. However, I have heard the phrase used differently. A soldier who had "dumped" his shirt said that during kit inspection he was "sweating on the top line" lest he should be "rumbled," or found out.

"Stripping" an N.C.O. means reducing his rank.

"Eyewash" is, I believe, old slang. But the army has given the word the opportunity of frequent use.

"Working one's ticket" means taking steps, such as feigning insanity or sickness, in order to get discharged from the army.

Yours faithfully, R. O. K.

OIL PAINTING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It may interest your numerous readers who wrote to me in reply to the paragraph in your issue of April 11, to know that whilst making researches for my Bibliography I have found what is probably a unique oil painting by Aubrey Beardsley. It is a finished picture on an unframed canvas, 30in. by 25in., and is a version of a well-known black-and-white drawing. Its condition was somewhat dirty when discovered, and it is now being cleaned.

Major Haldane Macfall and Mr. F. H. Evans, the well-known Beardsley collector, are both of opinion that it is genuine.

Major Macfall writes:—

I have never before seen a picture in colour by Beardsley that gave the slightest hint that he might become a painter, but on seeing this *Caprice* I feel sorry he did not persist. Of course the history of the picture makes it absolutely certain to have been by Beardsley, but, to tell you the truth, the only proof to which I pay any attention is the craft and achievement of the work.

A curious fact is that on the back of the canvas is an unfinished sketch in oils which is recorded in Mr. Aymer Vallance's Catalogue (1909, John Lane).

I hope to place the picture, when cleaned, within reach of any who may be interested.

Your obedient servant,

34, Oakley Crescent,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

GEORGES DERRY.

RENOIR ON ART AND NATURE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In his appreciative article on Renoir in your issue of July 25 Mr. Clive Bell states that in referring the art student to the art gallery rather than to "nature" Renoir "affirmed, what every artist knows, that art is the creation and not the imitation of form," and that Renoir gained from his study of Courbet and Delacroix "useful hints for converting sensibility into significant form."

I should be grateful if Mr. Clive Bell could indicate briefly what he means by "sensibility" and what exactly is this "form" and "nature" that the artist does not imitate in contrast with the form he creates. For instance, does Mr. Clive Bell think that ordinarily we carry about a mental photographic apparatus which copies or mirrors a dull and unsympathetic external reality; that the artist must therefore elaborate in his studio the "given" colours and forms into a significant design; and that, on the other hand, if he depicts a landscape which he has actually "seen," the result will inevitably be a photograph and not a genuine work of art?

Yours, etc.,

A. H. HANNAY.

28, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

SAMUEL BUTLER

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The Samuel Butler cult is becoming almost as great a bore as was the Omar-Fitzgerald madness a few years ago. Butler was no doubt an estimable man who wrote things which were not widely appreciated during his lifetime. The great pleasure that "Erewhon" and "The Way of all Flesh" has given to thousands does not justify the writer of "The Home of Samuel Butler" in his absurd contention that his "merest platitudes are the epigrams of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells." Apart from the fact that the four dull—and in one case maudlin—extracts from Butler's own pen, which grace the article, disprove the contention, it is ungracious in the last degree to Mr. Bernard Shaw at least. His unbounded praise has for some years been persistently advertised by Butler's editor and publisher, and has done more than anything to build up the edifice which such unbalanced articles as that on "the home" are likely to destroy.

Yours, etc.,

A. B. CLIFTON.

24, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.
August 4, 1919.

[Miss D. Sumner is asked to send her address for proofs.]

FRITH'S "DERBY DAY"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Has any work of a British painter ever enjoyed greater popularity and retained it longer than Frith's "Derby Day"? I first saw it when a child about half a century ago. There were many persons in front of it at the time, and my mother held me up so that I could look at it over their shoulders. I was in the National Gallery last Monday, and saw it again. The crowd before it was just as big and appreciative as the one present when I first saw it. Next to it is one of the works of the late Mr. Whistler, but nobody honoured it with a glance. Although the crowd was a Bank Holiday one, it included a well-known Pimlico picture-dealer, who is said to be a fairly capable painter himself. He assured us that the "Derby Day" is the greatest picture in the national collection, and that the painting of any one of the figures in it required more artistic skill than is represented in the entire Whistler picture. If the appreciation of a Bank Holiday crowd is any indication, I think he must be right. The subject of the Derby Day is of course an interesting one, but an interesting subject is scarcely sufficient to render a picture as popular as is the "Derby Day," even with Bank Holiday makers.

August 8, 1919.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

Foreign Literature

LETTERS FROM ITALY

III. THE TRIAD.

THE writers whom I propose to include under this heading differ widely in imaginative power and in the character of their inspiration; but they have one thing in common—the tendency towards that kind of art which has been called "immediate" or direct, in other words sensuous. They are Fogazzaro, Pascoli and D'Annunzio. Their common tendency springs from the same spiritual need which produced realism, and this, as we know, is a reflex of the positivist view of life; for the evolution of philosophy shows clearly how true to history is the passage from the positive to the immediate, from the phenomenon to the image of it. The positivism of Locke was the prelude to the sensism of Condillac, and in later times the positivism of Comte led to the impressionism of Taine, which subtilized the rough materialism of facts in "polytypes of images." It is not a case of passing directly from one position to another, but of a series of passages, each of which shows a particular attitude of mind. There is no such thing as pure immediacy in art; whoever tries to prove it or to express it, either in philosophical concepts or imaginative art, adds a number of mental or sentimental attributes which give it an entirely different individuality. So it is in the works of our great *virtuosi* of sensuousness; and three distinct personalities have sprung from this common stock.

Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1911) was the author of successful novels like "Malombra" (1881), "Daniele Cortis" (1885), "Il Mistero del Poeta" (1888), "Piccolo Mondo Antico" (1896), "Il Santo" (1906), and "Leila" (1911). As a writer he achieved in sensuousness a refinement which was almost feminine, and liked to portray the finest shades of sentimentalism. His characters seem almost as if they were wrapped up in sentimental cotton wool; everything they say or do has an undercurrent of human sympathy which softens and attenuates the contrasts and crises of their passions. "Piccolo Mondo Antico," say the critics, is the novel in which Fogazzaro is most himself. It is the story of a religious crisis between two people, the one unbelieving but industrious, the other a fervent believer but limp and spiritless; yet when things go wrong, the former fails, while the latter is found to possess a fund of strength which had never been suspected.

This, of course, was attributed by the author to Christian virtue; but faith, in the works of Fogazzaro, is only refined sensuality pushed to morbid extremes. When he tried to follow out the same motive in his later books, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" and "Il Santo" (which form a trilogy with "Piccolo Mondo Antico"), he only succeeded in producing more complicated involutions of sentimentality where the story at first grew cold, and then became entirely paralysed in a mania for mysticism.

In Fogazzaro we can see all those characteristics which appear in a magnified form in the greater writers to be discussed presently. He is exquisitely sensitive, and is thoroughly happy whenever he leaves prejudice behind and writes in his own vein. But he lived in times when people were preoccupied by philosophical and religious speculations, and was obliged to bring in these matters, though he did not really care about them. The result was a certain falseness in his work; his thinking became confused whenever it came to a question of philosophy or religion, and this developed into a morbid and obscurantist obsession. By writing in this way he spoiled those fair Manzonian pages in which, as in "Piccolo Mondo Antico," the freshness of his imagination had produced so many delightful vignettes of life in his native Venetia; he has taken his place definitely with writers of the second rank, and his work is now little spoken of. After the clearly reasoned judgment passed on it by Croce in "La Letteratura della nuova Italia," the only other critical work which need be mentioned is that of Donadoni, "Antonio Fogazzaro," published at Naples in 1913.

The writings of Giovanni Pascoli have led to far more controversy, and here too Croce was the first to make them a subject of serious discussion. His verdict was definitely against Pascoli; the poems seemed to him imperfect, fragmentary, and without that continuity which is essential to true poetry. This pronouncement was at first received with horror, but its effect on the admirers of Pascoli, who ran to defend the poet, was to make them read all his lyrical poetry over again. Then most of them found that they agreed with what Croce had said, and some began to clear away those parts of the work which were obviously rubbish, even more thoroughly than Croce had done himself. This was undertaken systematically by Emilio Cecchi in a lengthy essay published in 1912, and more recently by another acute critic, Attilio Momigliano, in the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, 1919. Pascoli had a social philosophy, or rather a Socialist philosophy, which was taken bodily from the coarsest positivism; but he resolved the materialism of facts into the "polype of images" even more thoroughly than Taine had done. He had an alert and delicately sensitive mind which aimed at identification with nature. But at every turn the union of his thought with nature was broken by his corrosive power of introspection, destroying the continuity of poetic inspiration, and weighing it down with frigid allegory or with studied mechanical devices connected with the sound of words.

His pretensions [said Cecchi], his vision of nature, are intermittent—intense but fragmentary—and sink down into a dull materialism. This does not at all agree with their melting, the one into the other, their running together in one complex, organic whole—as, for instance, Shelley's "Cloud" or Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." For in these poems the perceptive details are instinct with a gleaming, objective life, while the air which surrounds them is saturated with the spirit of poetry and idealism.

In Pascoli's work the acid, corrosive power of introspection acts as a solvent for nature instead of spiritualizing it. His best poems are to be found in the volume called "Myrica" (1891), where the directness of inspiration is less divided, and sympathy for things is more ingenuous. But Pascoli's sentimental positivism complicates all the later works with a sort of refined effeminacy which may be

seen only too clearly in the "Primi Poemetti" (1897), "Nuovi Poemetti" (1909), and it rings completely false in the historical poems, "Poemi conviviali" (1904) and others, where the evocation of the past is merely decorative and the characters lose all relief and perspective. An attempt has been made lately to get over the fragmentary quality of the poetry of Pascoli by making a selection which would leave out all the rubbish and preserve only the pearls. In 1918 Pietroboni published a selection with this object; but his labours were in vain, for the fragmentary quality of Pascoli is not like that of a great poet who joins together good, bad and indifferent in such a way that they can easily be separated. It is the inspiration itself which is fragmentary in Pascoli; the opposed æsthetic values are indissolubly mixed in the same poem, and even in the same stanza. The problem of the ultimate value of the poetry of Giovanni Pascoli is not yet settled, and critics continue to rack their brains to find a more positive verdict, which will justify the attraction felt by the Italian public to the work of a great man who has not long been dead. A notable sign of this interest—of this preoccupation, one might almost call it—is the recent book "La Poesia e l'arte di Giovanni Pascoli" (Rome, 1918), by Alfredo Galletti, who succeeded Pascoli as Professor of Italian Literature at Bologna.

As to the work of Gabriele D'Annunzio, the critics are by now almost of one mind. Croce's essay in the fourth volume of "La Letteratura della nuova Italia," the book by Borgese and the later study by Gargiulo are substantially in agreement. D'Annunzio is a poet who includes in a magnified form all the virtues and all the vices of the "Triad." His sensitiveness is acute, intense and of Oriental richness; he is so full of poetry that he can hardly contain himself; but his full, clear understanding of art, his firmness, and his mastery of form give to his work a lapidary quality, and a feeling as of plastic relief. The D'Annunzio of the youthful "Canto Novo" (1882) to the mature "Laudi" is already fixed in his everlasting seat in the Pantheon of classical Italian poets. The beauty of his style, the excellence of his workmanship, shine out most clearly in the "Terze Laudi (Alcione)," where the directness of inspiration is disturbed by no extraneous motive; and these qualities may be found, though somewhat unequally, in all his other works, to which they give a certain measure of worth and interest. But there is, too, an artistic insincerity about much of his writing, boundless as his own artistic truth, which has corrupted all the numerous progeny of his works, and (what is worse) is corrupting the national taste, which has made the worst side of D'Annunzio its idol. D'Annunzio requires of the understanding not only what it can give him, but also what it cannot give—spiritual intimacy, a life more than human, the profound drama of the soul, the religious view of life, the revelation of true patriotism. All his works show, rather indistinctly, the same desperate effort of feeling to transcend itself. This is the origin of the "superman" of the novels, the wild, Dionysiac ardours of the lyrics, the morbid passions of the plays, and, yet more diseased, the mystical complications of the later works, inspired by a sort of pseudo-religious mania. And it has begotten those sick human beings, plunged and writhing in abject bestiality, with which the poet wished to express the most profound introspection. But it is not necessary to mention these works by name, for they are almost as well known in England as they are in Italy.

Here I may end this rapid survey, and begin a somewhat closer examination of contemporary Italian literature. And I will start in my next letter with the works which D'Annunzio has produced during the war—works which have had their echo far beyond purely literary circles.

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND ET LE BERRY. 12fr. 50.

LE BERRY DANS L'ŒUVRE DE GEORGE SAND. 12fr. 50.

LA LANGUE ET LE STYLE RUSTIQUES DE GEORGE SAND DANS LES ROMANS CHAMPÊTRES. 12fr.

GEORGE SAND ET L'AMOUR. 4fr. 50.

All by L. Vincent. (Paris, Champion.)

IT cannot have happened often that readers were presented with a study of a single author so massive and so many-sided as this. The first two books on our list, though they have slight differences of individual title, are meant as first and second volumes of one work, containing more than a thousand large octavo pages of close and not very small print. The third, of the same format, has four hundred pages. And even the fourth, presented, as befits its lighter subject, in less ponderous form and more open type, comes nearer the three hundredth than the two hundredth page. The writer, though a *docteur ès lettres*, appears from certain grammatical indications to be a lady; and the fact does not, as will be seen, entirely discredit the old adage "Women beware women." But if she has been pretty severe on George Sand's too certain peccadilloes or peccados (the diminutive is perhaps rather indulgent for one or two of them), and has once or twice increased their number on not entirely conclusive evidence, she has made amends by giving a body of information about her subject's life and work which would have to be collected elsewhere from a bewildering variety of sources, and is, in some not unimportant respects, supplied for the first time.

It will, perhaps, be best to notice the volumes in reverse order—not merely because frivolous amusement-seekers are likely themselves to take up "George Sand et l'Amour," first, and possibly to confine themselves to it; nor, indeed, because there is anything very new or striking in it; but because the subject is an unavoidable stumbling-block, and may just as well be cleared away. M. or Mme. or Mlle. le Docteur Vincent's inquiry into the heroine's life goes very far—in fact, practically the whole way—to establish the conclusion which has been reached by some students of the works mainly. That conclusion is that this inexhaustible writer of love-stories never was "in love" (to the full extent of that phrase) at all. That she was continually endeavouring to be in love is tolerably evident; though the fashion and motives of the endeavour may be the subject of some controversy. Dr. Vincent's opinion, in confirmation of which that of divers doctors of another faculty is cited, is likely to be shocking to the sentimental partisans of her heroine. "An imagination of fire" struggled, it seems, with "a temperament of ice" in quest of sensations which were never satisfactorily experienced. In fact, if the biographer had known Ben Jonson's scandal about Queen Elizabeth, it might have been applied, with a difference, to this case. It is not a pretty case, of course; and was certainly a very unpleasant one for some of the numerous persons of the other sex who were called in as ice-melters and discarded as unsatisfactory. But one may at least agree—especially after reading the evidence produced here to the effect that poor M. Dudevant was a libelled as well as a betrayed and deserted husband—that no marriage of Aurore Dupin would have been in the least likely to be successful.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing is that the victims of this singular combination of principal and *éprouvée* took their inevitable defeat and dismissal so calmly as most of them did. There is indeed a story, rather of the doubtfullest, that the novelist and dramatist Mallefille came to knife-drawing, and that George Sand was only saved by a block in the street which he was about to cross, and a providential cab into which she was able to jump. But unless the "artistic temperament"

brought about in them the woes of Musset and Chopin, they do seem to have taken it calmly, and even—most remarkable of all—to have achieved and acquiesced in the, to some unthinkable, subsiding of love into friendship. For that some at least of them did love her, though she loved none of them, seems pretty certain.

What made her so fascinating as she certainly was is much less clear. The numerous descriptions of her face and figure are at no time very attractive, and the portraits are often almost the reverse, with one exception: a pastel with half-shut eyes and a voluptuous smile reproduced at p. 290 of "George Sand et le Berry." Her alternations of schoolgirl romps and silent torpor must have been rather trying; and—though of course there is always a tendency to think that oneself may "be the magician"—there was such a long, ghastly and notorious list of aspirants to the Dark Tower as might have frightened the most valiant of Childe Rolands. But they came, and they had their trial, and they were turned out; and then they settled down comfortably in the grounds and were kindly invited to afternoon tea. It is rather marvellous, though it is true that she had one spell of the most potent in her faculty of letter-writing, and the *abandon* with which she used it. There is something very uncanny in the written word of some daughters of Eve.

On the other hand, this epistolary activity of hers (Dr. Vincent estimates that she probably wrote about 50,000 letters) has been used terribly against her as well as in her favour. The correspondence with Ajasson de Grandsagne, who is now put forward as having been Childe Roland before Sandeau, has indeed disappeared. But that rather appalling anticipator of the Day of Judgment, the late Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, had immense collections, which seem to have been, and to be, somewhat capriciously made available and refused to investigators. And there is a vast deal more, all the accessible part of which, with a whole library of printed matter, has been overhauled and worked up by the indefatigable patience and industry of our present author. In the opening and largest volume, "George Sand et le Berry," with a sub-title, "Nohant, 1808-1876," the province, and even the particular place, merely supply the background, the main subject being the heroine's career throughout her life. But Berry itself emerges in the second, and forms the subject of a very interesting study, freely illustrated with photogravures of castles, and cottages, and costumes, and country-sides, dealing elaborately with manners and customs, and courageously setting at naught Scott's warning that he "would not advise any who may be curious in localities to spend time in looking for the fountain and holly-tree of the White Lady." Dr. Vincent has given map after map of the Vallée Noire and its precincts; has traced afresh the somewhat altered condition of the Devil's Pool; has endeavoured in some cases to identify the very personages of the stories; and abounds in accounts of all the rural business—hemp-curing very particularly.

Attention to this sort of thing and to biography proper has sometimes—perhaps, indeed, most often—been found in rather marked disconnection with strictly philological study. Not so here. If "L. Vincent" has been multifarious in her main treatise, and has not disdained the scabrous (it is her own word) in "George Sand et l'Amour," the most meticulous scholar of the most strictly verbal school of scholarship can find no fault (unless he be a fellow-student of the same division, in which case, of course, fault-finding would be his clear duty) with the large volume on "Language and Style." Few more elaborate examinations of style can exist; none, one ventures to say, of the style of a popular novelist does exist. The mere vocabulary of the actual *patois berrichon* furnishes

by no means the whole—indeed, by no means the larger part. How George Sand uses this *patois*—for, like Scott, and unlike some of our modern novel-dialecticians, she is far from simply shovelling it in; her own extemporizing of word and phrase; the peculiarities of word-form and Syntax; the connections of Berrichon with Old French generally—all these and other things receive ample attention. In fact, this vast Thesaurus Sandianus in four volumes hardly lacks anything that may be expected on its subject, except pure literary criticism, which, if it is not entirely wanting, comes in but occasionally and in fragments. Very likely L. Vincent thinks there has been enough of this, or she may even intend to supply it later. But her work, as a "Companion" to the reading of her subject, is practically complete.

If anybody still asks, "But what does all this new or newly-arranged matter *come to*?" it is, of course, not easy to give a neat categorical answer. But an answer which should not be unsatisfactory to persons of some experience in life and literature can perhaps be given. Such persons are not likely, after reading it, to think much worse of Aurore Dupin as a woman, though it adds somewhat to the actual number of her faults, and certainly brings out more clearly the irony of her position as a wronged wife seeking relief and freedom. The great charity and justice of Carlyle's sentence on Diderot (to whom, with allowance for sex, George Sand has some resemblance), "Diderot did it, and not we; Diderot suffers for it, and not we; peace be with Diderot!" will apply here too. As an artist—in the sense that she comes out the better for its inquiries in respect, not exactly of her artistic produce, but of her capacity and method in producing by means of the translation of life into letters—she decidedly gains. So on the whole L. Vincent is justified of her labours and deserves our gratitude.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE SIDEWAYS VISION

LA SOIRÉE AVEC M. TESTE. Par Paul Valéry. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 12fr.)

WE know—or at least those who have read "La Jeune Parque" know—that M. Valéry is among the subtlest living anatomists of the human spirit. For ourselves, indeed, we know of none subtler; but the speculation which pleased him twenty-three years ago when he composed the "Soirée avec M. Teste" pleases us now, and we forbear to insist upon the superlative.

Si j'avais décidé comme la plupart des hommes [these words are spoken by M. Teste's interlocutor] non seulement je me serais cru leur supérieur, mais je l'aurais paru. Je me suis préféré. Ce qu'ils nomment un être supérieur, est un être qui s'est trompé. Pour s'étonner de lui, il faut le voir,—et pour le voir, il faut qu'il se montre. . . . Chaque esprit qu'on trouve puissant, commence par la faute qui le fait connaître. En échange du pourboire public, il donne le temps qu'il faut pour se rendre perceptible, l'énergie dissipée à se transmettre et à préparer la satisfaction étrangère.

"Je me suis préféré." That is the thesis which M. Valéry elaborates. It has been elaborated by others before him, and these others were also men of subtle minds. Nietzsche built upon a grandiose rococo edifice with a characteristic *décor* of German transcendentalism. Dostoevsky used it as the vital principle in the creation of imagined characters, but he too gave it an individual (and a national) colour by the intense moral preoccupation with which he mediated it. We may pass by the numerous apostles of a shallow "culte du moi," for only a superficial perception can relate their petulant individualisms to the more solid speculations which M. Valéry's pregnant pages call irresistibly to mind.

M. Valéry also wears his rue with a difference, also individual and in its way national. He has no alien preoccupations. His Monsieur Teste is, by hypothesis,

tiber—nothing at all; nor is he a perverse weary Titan¹ exhaling a miasma of intellectual, but, nevertheless, romantic terror. He is the principle at its most abstract, in and for itself, with no impedimenta. In other words perhaps (and since it would be easier to copy out the colloquy than satisfactorily to describe its quintessential atmosphere) we might describe it as Ivan Karamazov's dream, but dreamed by a Frenchman. A curious utter lucidity pervades it; a deliberate refusal to admit the vagueness of a symbol. Not that the thing is facile or even clear, any more than "La Jeune Parque" was clear, or the electro-magnetic theory is. A subtle reality remains subtle, and still demands hard thinking to be comprehended. But there is a method of approach by which the effect, the æsthetic quality of simplicity is maintained. It is not an illusion of simplicity, either; intricate and subtle things, if they are not a mere confusion of heterogeneous elements, are simple, if the observing mind is on the right plane.

M. Valéry's idiosyncrasy—let us call it national, provided that does not imply that any other of his actual countrymen possess it—is that he has no temptation to mystify us about the plane. He says, in effect: Let the straight line AB be the reality we know. Produce AB. It is not so simple as it sounds, really: but the simplicity of the sound and the direction dominates M. Valéry's treatment of his theme. Intellectually, the theme might be thus restated. Suppose that a man were to succeed in the task of considering himself a thing, of not merely considering but realizing himself *sub specie reitatis*; suppose that in the further pursuit of this ideal (for the process would be by stages) he succeeded in applying his differentia solely to the emphasis of themselves; suppose that he could so discipline his memory that he remembered only what was unique in experience and left all that imagination could reconstruct in some mental lumber-room, and that he could jettison or suppress all that was not peculiarly his own, used speech but was never the victim of it, wasted no effort away from his single object of *being* his individual self; and finally, suppose that the man who had envisaged this aim, and had half-succeeded, were to meet a man who had succeeded wholly. So the narrator of this experience met M. Teste.

The problem is twofold—intellectual and artistic. Intellectually, M. Teste is strictly an unknown quantity; if he were known, he would still have his own M. Teste to meet, and his M. Teste would be another X. The possibility of him is a matter not of demonstration, but of suggestion; and the particular difficulty of this problem of suggestion is that the least suspicion of mystification makes it impossible. And here is M. Valéry's specific triumph. Everything depends, if not upon actual clarity, at least upon the impression of clarity. There can be no accessories, no half-lights; artistically the process moves from suggestion by demonstration to demonstration by suggestion; everything must be spare, bare, diagrammatical, mathematical. One could enlarge at will upon M. Valéry's technical mastery of a rare and recondite method, from the absolute pitch of his opening, the "La bêtise n'est pas mon fort" of the narrator, to the imperceptibly interjected remark which makes the reception of the abstruse finale certain:

Nous marchions, et il lui échappait des phrases presque incohérentes. Malgré mes efforts, je ne suivais ses paroles qu'à grand'peine, me bornant enfin à les retenir. L'incohérence d'un discours dépend de celui qui l'écoute. L'esprit me paraît ainsi fait qu'il ne peut être incohérent pour lui-même. . . .

J. M. M.

WHAT should be an amusing and opportune skit on M. Abel Lefranc's ill-advised volume on the authorship of Shakespeare is announced by M. Figuière, in the form of a brochure entitled "Sous le Masque de Molière."

A DUTCH CRITIC OF THE RUSSIANS

HOOFDMOMENTEN DER RUSSIESE LETTERKUNDE. By Dr. N van Wijk (Zeist, Ploegsma.)

THERE are at least two ways of writing the history of a national literature. You may indicate the historical and social background, put your writers in their place against that changing environment, sketch their lives, their works, the impression they made on their contemporaries and their posthumous influence, and illustrate and define their significance by calling attention to beautiful or characteristic passages in their writings. This is the historical method, and most of our histories of literature conform to it. The other method changes the incidence of the interest. It by no means excludes the use of the first method, but it makes the results thus obtained subsidiary to a further aim. That aim is to determine the contribution made by the literature under discussion to the exposition and the solution of the problems that everywhere and at all times exercise the human mind. All literatures at one time or another approach these questions and treat them after their own fashion with a greater or less profundity. And the method we have in mind is more or less applicable to a given literature, according to the extent of its concern with these ultimate problems. For want of a better term we may call it the philosophical method.

There can be little question as to which of these methods is the more adequate to an account of Russian literature. For that literature has, comparatively speaking, no history, and, since it began to be at all, it has been almost exclusively concerned with a problem. This is its difference and the essence of its being. To neglect this is to neglect all. And we are bound to judge a book on this subject by the extent of its preoccupation with the characteristic Russian problem. Without this a book may be interesting, but it will be irrelevant. That is why to us Mr. Maurice Baring's "Russian Literature," which followed the historical method and gave but casual and fugitive reference to the Russian problem, seemed a failure as an introduction to the subject. Dr. van Wijk uses the philosophical method in an enterprise of similar scope, and for that reason has more of our sympathy.

The book is based upon a series of five lectures intended as an introduction to the main problems of Russian literature. Limited to this space, Dr. van Wijk wisely decided to treat at length only those writers who to him seemed most typical of the Russian spirit. He explains his choice thus:

When we study Russian literature of the nineteenth century we always have the impression that it stands on a broader basis than our Western literatures. We find that all great Russian authors have a common psychological background: the problem of man's relation to the universe. They cannot limit their interest to smaller, particular phenomena; they must put these in some relation to the meaning of human life considered as a whole. . . . The more we have to do with Russians the more we come to realize that this breadth of nature is their distinguishing characteristic. And where shall we find a more powerful expression of this characteristic than in Russia's greatest spirits, in Pushkin, Gogol, Tolsto, Dostoevsky?

The book deals then with these four writers, treating Dostoevsky last as summing up and carrying further the problem common to them all, and in a final chapter attempts to relate the achievement of these representative men to the general Russian character. It is an interesting and well-proportioned introduction to the subject, not remarkably original in its views or brilliant in their exposition, but deserving our confidence by the rightness of its method.

THE COPLAS OF JORGE MANRIQUE

COPLAS DE JORGE MANRIQUE. WITH HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW'S RENDERING. (Oxford, Blackwell. 5s.)

JORGE MANRIQUE is one of the poets who owe nearly all their fame to a single composition. In the "Cancioneros" he is represented by about fifty poems, most of which are artificial and mediocre; in the "Coplas" on his father's death he attains a height which he never reached before or afterwards. The "Coplas" have had an extraordinary run of luck. They enabled Jorge Manrique to eclipse completely the fame of his uncle, Gómez Manrique, whose endowment was perhaps superior to his own. Consisting of some forty stanzas, they express in phrases of uncommon energy sublime commonplaces; they were written just when printing was a novelty in Spain. Their conciseness and solemn sincerity, contrasting with the mannered songs and interminable allegories heretofore in fashion, combined to force them into general circulation. Their popularity knew no limits; later writers shared the enthusiasm of the crowd; the "Coplas" were "glossed" by authors as conspicuous as Jorge de Montemayor and Gregorio Silvestre; Luis de León, perhaps the most inspired singer that Spain has ever produced, quoted the "Coplas" in one of his devout prose treatises; and Lope de Vega said that they deserved to be printed in letters of gold. Manrique's reputation fell a little during the eighteenth century; but he had a renaissance during the Romantic movement, and some lines of his are introduced with slight changes at the beginning of the "Morisca de Alajuar" of the Duke of Rivas.

These lines, it is true, are not from the "Coplas." The vogue of this latter poem has never ceased; it finds place in all the anthologies of Spanish verse, even in the selection of Quintana, who, as a typical poet of the eighteenth century, scarcely appreciated the "Coplas" as much as they deserved; and they have had the good fortune to be admirably translated into Latin by—as is supposed—that sound humanist, Juan Hurtado de Mendoza, and into English by Longfellow.

A reproduction of Longfellow's version, edited by Mr. Reginald Hewitt, is now issued as the fifth of the Sheldonian series of reprints and renderings of masterpieces in all languages. It may be said at once that Mr. Hewitt has done his work adequately, and, except that his preliminary note is too bald and brief, scarcely any serious fault is to be found with him. We doubt, indeed, if he was well advised in retaining the verses beginning "O mundo, pues que nos matas." It is true that Rades de Andrada says these supplementary stanzas were found on the dead body of the author when he was taken to Uclés. But is there any sound reason for thinking that these stanzas were intended to form part of the "Coplas"? These are supposed to have been written some two years earlier. The supplementary stanzas would seem to be the opening of a new poem "contra el mundo."

J. F. K.

SULLE ORME DI RENZO: PAGINE DI FEDELTA' LOMBARDA. Da Carlo Linati. (Roma, La Voce. 2 lire.)—If the "Promessi Sposi" is a part of the heritage of every Italian, it runs in the very veins of a Lombard, and still more of a Milanese. So when Signor Linati leaves the Porta Orientale for the Naviglio della Martesana, and strikes across the Gorgonzola country towards Brescia, he is naturally following Renzo in his flight over the Adda to Venetian territory. Manzoni has, however, become a little dim, for the young man of letters of to-day has a way of leaving him behind in the nursery. But the trip sets him thinking on the relations between the Lombard, his literature and the scenery. A northerner may feel some surprise at his talking of lack of colour and beauty, though in seeking to explain Lombard realism by the landscape, he is probably thinking of the great Lombard plain rather

than of the Brianza or the Como region. We cannot pretend to much personal knowledge of the Milanese, but when he declares that there is more difference between a man from Como and a Neapolitan than between one of Synge's Irish peasants and a native of Milan, and goes on to talk about the influences of the centuries of Celtic conquest, we can only stare at him in open-mouthed astonishment, which is probably exactly what he wants us to do. His instances of the unsatisfied millionaire are surely common in all "get-rich-quickly" countries. For Milan is the centre of commercial and intellectual progress in Italy, and our author seems to us on safer ground when he shows how Marinetti, whom he knew well, is a genuine product of this materialistic, hard-working, adventurous, mammon-worshipping city, so lacking in the characteristic charm of other towns of Italy. Verhaeren and the early Mr. Wells contributed something, but Futurism is essentially Milanese in character.

COSMOPOLIS. No. 7, July. (Madrid, Sociedad española de librería. 2 pesetas.)—Señor E. Gómez Carrillo, the editor of this new Spanish monthly, is a much-travelled man and a keen observer. He has written on Greece and the Holy Land; his latest book, "La sonrisa de la Esfinge" ("The Smile of the Sphinx"), has been translated into French. It is a little disconcerting, but not, perhaps, altogether surprising, that his Cosmopolis is Paris. He looks at the world through the spectacles of a cosmopolitan Parisian rather than with the eyes of a Spaniard, and the pages of his review which deal with Spanish things treat them from a standpoint which is decidedly French. Thus M. Ernest Martinenche contributes an historical essay on the study of Spanish literature in France, and M. Clémenceau has provided some interesting memories of his life in Argentina. More important, however, is the collection of extracts from a posthumous work of Onésime Reclus, "L'Atlantide," which deals with the relations which exist between French and Spanish settlers in Algeria. The colonists of Spanish origin are almost entirely Catalans, from the provinces of Barcelona, Valencia and the Balearic Isles; and their mother-tongue is not Castilian, but Catalan. Men from Limousin, Perigord, Gascony, Languedoc and Provence can understand natives of Barcelona, Lérida, Tarragona, Alicante and Majorca without an interpreter. On the other hand, the French *patois* which is the *Umgangssprache* of North Africa has been only slightly modified by them. For instance, between Jerba and Agadir they say "D'on tu viens?" "Comment tu vas?" "si je saurais" (for "si je savais"), and "si j'aurais su" (for "si j'avais su").

THE July number of *Groot Nederland* (Amsterdam, Van Holkema & Warendorf) contains the text of the first of two lectures on "The Significance of Personality in Goethe's Life and Art" delivered by Herman Wolf in the International School of Philosophy at Amersfoort in August, 1918. The writer traces the development of the philosophic Ego from the Renaissance to the period of "Sturm und Drang." Possibly because the memory of the terrestrial and concrete oppression of war is still fresh we are rather out of sympathy with youthful ebullitions of cosmic individualism. It is the privilege of genius to take itself very seriously, and we are to-day as far from denying the privilege to Goethe as his contemporaries were when he staggered them with "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Werther." But we take small pleasure in the spectacle of great men posturing in the now hackneyed attitudes of the superman. Passionate professions of self-confidence now read like advertisements for the Pelman Institute. In our present mood we shall doubtless feel more in sympathy with the picture of Goethe as the mature artist which is promised in the second lecture. Cyriel Buyse contributes a short war story. The vast majority of war stories have proved to be not literature but propaganda. There is, however, no ulterior motive in this tale. It is convincing because it is self-contained. It is also simply and vividly told. It is a story of panic in a remote Belgian village which is suddenly invaded by a company of Death's-Head Hussars, and of the fate of four drunken Flemish peasants who danced a lurching defiance in the middle of the road. Other contents are poems by Dr. Felix Rutten and J. F. Hees, and the second part of Rinke Tolman's appreciation of the Young Frisian literary revival, which does full justice to the influence of D. Kalma.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Wrong (George M.), Langton (H. H.), and Wallace (W. Stewart), edd. *REVIEW OF HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO CANADA* ("University of Toronto Studies"). Toronto, Univ. Press, 1919. 9½ in. 203 pp. ind. paper, \$1.50. 016.971

Divided into six sections—relations of Canada to the Empire; history of Canada; provincial and local history; geography, economics, and statistics; archaeology, ethnology, and folklore; and law, ecclesiastical history and bibliography—this is a comprehensive register and review of the works published during 1917-18.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Cadwallader (Frank Irish). *THE FARCE OF FEDERAL PROHIBITION.* New York City, the Author, 154, Nassau Street, 1919. 9 in. 53 pp. paper, 25c. 178.5

A vigorously worded attack on Prohibition in the United States.

***Galloway (George).** *THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY: its development and value* ("The Baird Lecture," 1917). Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1919. 7½ in. 242 pp. ind. 128

The Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, traces the development of the idea of a future life in its growth from a lower to a higher culture, showing it to represent a persistent human demand; he deals with the attitude of science and the results of psychical research, and, turning to the conception of immortality as a historic problem of philosophy, discusses the ethical argument and the place of immortality in a religious view of the world. Dr. Galloway rejects epiphenomenalism, and agrees with Dr. McDougall in positing "the priority and self-activity of the soul"—the soul is the organizing principle which "combines, vitalizes, and uses" the material elements as a means. Immanent justice and the incompleteness of man's moral life are the bases of the ethical argument, and the ethical postulate leads up to religion: "Faith in the character of God the final ground of hope."

Inkersley (Frances Fearn). *LOVE'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH.* Gay & Hancock, 1919. 7 in. 132 pp., 3/ n. 133.9


An account of various experiences of the type associated with spiritualism. As is usual in works of this kind, the narrative becomes foggy and general just when we want precision and exact observation. It goes no way towards convincing those who are not already predisposed to believe.

Sentences in Grace. Liverpool, Young, 1919. 5½ in. 28 pp. paper, 6d. 170.8

"Hell is a place of cleansing; only when we resist its lessons does it become a place of torment." This is a specimen of the best of these very miscellaneous maxims and adages. But too many are more commonplace, like the following: "To testify is to bring forward the Truth, not to conceal it."

The Tyranny of Teetotalism. By an Oxford Graduate. Skeffington [1919]. 8½ in. 16 pp. pamph., 1/ n. 178.2

With not irreverent wit and with adequate learning, the Graduate points out that teetotalism is accurately described as a heresy; that most teetotal heretics belong to the free Churches and fanatically reject St. James's saying, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation"; and that the Bible

does not denounce wine or even drunkenness, wherefore teetotalers are like the Spanish king "who wished that he could have given hints to the Creator." 

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Culbertson (William Smith). *THE "OPEN DOOR" AND COLONIAL POLICY* (reprinted from the "American Economic Review Supplement," vol. 9, no. 1, March, 1919). 9½ in. 16 pp. pamph. 337.3

A strong case is made out for the treatment by an International League of all exceptions to the general abandonment of preferential or discriminatory measures, the net result of which is usually small advantage to the Power enforcing them and the hampering of trade in general.

Hamp (Pierre). *LES MÉTIERS BLESSÉS: LA PEINE DES HOMMES.* Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 1919. 7½ in. 368 pp. paper, 7 fr. 50. 331

A series of essays on the labour problem, in all its aspects, as it presented itself in France during the war. M. Hamp writes with directness and clarity, and his essays are interesting not merely as a history of French labour in the war, but also for the reflections on the labour problem as a whole which they contain.

Kellogg (Paul V.) and Gleason (Arthur). *BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR.* New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 8 in. 512 pp. index, apps., \$2 n. 331

A long and copiously documented account of the British labour movement during the war. Its relations to American labour are touched upon.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Lovell (John H.).** *THE FLOWER AND THE BEE: plant life and pollination.* Constable, 1919. 8½ in. 286 pp. il. ind., 10/6 n. 581.16

In order to become familiar with the economy of pollination, the author turned practical bee-keeper, and the result is a fascinating book on this important branch of the ecology of plants. Thoroughly scientific, the work is written in a non-technical manner, and will interest the general reader as well as the botanist and entomologist. The plates reproducing Mr. Lovell's photographs of flowers and insects are a delight. Cotton-grass is *Eriophorum* (not "Eriphorum") *virginicum*; and there is a good English name, milkwort, for the Polygala. Woodbine is a usual name for the honeysuckle: it is applied here to *Psedera quinquefolia*. The index is not full enough.

Wilson (Charles Branch). *NORTH AMERICAN PARASITIC COPEPODS BELONGING TO THE NEW FAMILY SPHYRIIDÆ* (no. 2286, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 56 pp. il. bibliog. paper. 595.34

This paper, the fifteenth in the series dealing with the parasitic copepods in the U.S. National Museum, relates to a new family to be called the Sphyriidæ, the genera of which are closely related to the Lernæidæ, but differ in their life-history and in several important morphological characters.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

***Klickmann (Flora),** ed. *NEEDLEWORK ECONOMIES: a book of making and mending with oddments and scraps* ("Home Art Series"). Office of "The Girl's Own Paper" [1919]. 9 in. 113 pp. il. ind. boards, 2/ n. 646.2

War has taught the need of making the most of oddments and avoiding any kind of waste. This well-illustrated manual shows how to put the teaching in practice in hundreds of useful ways.

Masterman (E. W. G.). *HYGIENE AND DISEASE IN PALESTINE, IN MODERN AND IN BIBLICAL TIMES.* With preface by Alexander Macalister. Palestine Exploration Fund [1919]. 8½ in. 69 pp. il. apps. (bibliog.), index, paper, 2/9. 614.42

An authority on Biblical diseases, Dr. Masterman now presents this condensed study in two parts, dealing first with the diseases of modern Palestine and Syria, and then with diseases of the Bible. The water-supply of Jerusalem is the subject of one of the appendices. Now, as in patriarchal times, the Holy Land is a hotbed of many diseases, and one of the duties of the new régime will be to make it, by means of hygienic measures, what it ought to be, one of the healthiest countries in the world.

Sampson (E.). ADVERTISE! Heath [1918]. 8 in. 254 pp. il. ind., 5/n. 659.1

A very interesting and amusing book. There is evidently a science and art of advertising: this book makes it obvious that we are helpless in the hands of a man who knows his business. The chapters on Advertising Strategy, Writing the Headlines, and Putting in the Ginger are perhaps the funniest and most informative. Each chapter is followed by suggestions for study. A collection of these would be simply invaluable. As a specimen we give a suggestion from the "Putting in the Ginger" chapter: "Glance through Maeterlinck's 'Life of the Bee.' Do you find material here for future honey advertisements?"

700 FINE ARTS.

Herford (Mary A. B.). A HANDBOOK OF GREEK VASE PAINTING. Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1919. 10 in. 125 pp. il., 9/6 n. 738

Miss Herford divides her volume into two parts. In the first she deals with the craftsmanship of the Greek potter and with the shapes and various uses of his vases. In the second part the history of vase painting is traced from its beginnings in Crete to its end in Italy. The volume is well illustrated.

Rodin (A.). THE ART OF RODIN. Introduction by Louis Weinberg ("Modern Library," 41). New York, Boni & Liveright [1919]. 6½ in. 37 pp. plates, 70c. n. 735

Mr. Weinberg's introduction is chiefly concerned with defending Rodin against the charge of exaggeration. The rest of the volume consists of reproductions of a number of Rodin's works.

Vil·l nou: revista quinzenal d'art. Barcelona, Corts Catalanes 613. 12 by 9 in. 20 pp. paper, 50c. 759.6
Old and New, a fortnightly review of Catalan art, is a well-printed and well-produced record of contemporary painting in Barcelona. The illustrations are in black and white.

780 MUSIC.

Isaacson (Charles D.). FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS. Introduction by Leopold Godowsky. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 7½ in. 247 pp. il. \$1.50 n. 780.9

"Americans," says Mr. Godowsky in his introduction to the present volume, "want to know what goes on underneath the skin of folks—not the scandal, but the real being irrespective of genius." Mr. Isaacson, accordingly, reveals to the American public what went on under the skin of some thirty eminent composers. We see them unbuskined, in slippers, talking in easy journalese—even ungrammatically, as when Beethoven is made to exclaim, "It is I with whom the blame should lay." It is to be hoped that these human touches may encourage a liking for classical music among the readers of Mr. Isaacson's work.

800 LITERATURE.

Hazlitt (William). TWENTY-TWO ESSAYS. Selected and edited by Arthur Beatty, University of Wisconsin. Heath [1919]. 7 in. 303 pp., 3/n. 824.76

An excellent selection from the works of Hazlitt, including the essays on Coleridge and Wordsworth and "My First Acquaintance with Poets." Mr. Beatty's introduction, chronological table, bibliography and notes are brief, business-like, and adapted to the use of young students.

Lowell (James Russell). COMMEMORATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (For the American Academy of Arts and Letters) New York, Scribner, 1919. 10 in. 88 pp. por. boards 811.37

This volume is a collection of speeches made in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, à propos of the centenary of Lowell. The speeches are of no particular merit, and the same may be said of the poems contributed by Mr. Noyes and Mr. Lee Masters. It is difficult to understand the precise purpose of this celebration.

Maeterlinck (Maurice). A MIRACLE OF SAINT ANTONY; and five other plays ("Modern Library," 11). New York, Boni & Liveright [1919]. 6½ in. 255 pp., 70c. n. 842.9

The other plays included in this volume are "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Death of Tintagiles," "Alladine and Palomides," "Interior," and "The Intruder."

Nicolau D'Oliver (L.). LITERATURA CATALANA: PERSPECTIVA GENERAL. Barcelona, publicacions de "La Revista," 1917. 8 in. 120 pp. paper, 2 pessetes. 849.9

A useful summary of Catalan literary history, from the origin of the language down to the "Renaixença" in the nineteenth century. It shows clearly what the "title-deeds" are on which is based the claim of Catalan to rank as a literary language. There is a good index.

Pritchard (P. H.). STUDIES IN LITERATURE: an aid to literary appreciation and composition. Harrap, 1919. 7½ in. 205 pp., 2/6 n. 808

"The average educated Englishman ought to write English as deftly as the average educated Frenchman writes French, and have, which at present he has not, an equal respect for his mother tongue." We agree with Sir A. Quiller-Couch, but with certain reservations. The average educated Frenchman writes French almost too deftly—writes it with a facile rhetoric that is peculiarly irritating to the normal Englishman. There must be some happy mean between inarticulateness and academic oratory, between an education that teaches nothing and one that teaches too much. Mr. Pritchard's "Studies in Literature" is a little book which seems to give the right amount and kind of instruction in composition and appreciation. His method is to analyse a series of selections in prose and verse from the best authors, showing the relationship between technique and thought, and pointing out what our forefathers would have called "the beauties" of each piece. He makes criticisms which seem a little obvious to the hardened literary man; but to the youthful students for whom they are intended they will come, we have no doubt, as something new and illuminating.

Rawson (Graham S.). THE MEASURE; AND DOWN STREAM: two plays. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 132 pp. paper, 4/n. 822.9

In "The Measure" Mr. Rawson is trying to write the Congrevian comedy of witty conversation. But the dialogue is monotonous; all the characters speak in the same half-literary, half-colloquial style, and the play is singularly undramatic. "Down Stream" is a drama of Ruritanian politics constructed round a situation that might be effective on the stage.

POETRY.

Carner (Josep). LA PARAULA EN EL VENT. Barcelona [1914]. 8 in. 96 pp. paper. 849.91

These poems, as well as those in "Fruits Saborosos" and earlier volumes, have a tendency to be popular rather than obscure. They are rich in old Catalan words and country phrases, and seem to possess now and again something of an English sense of humour.

Folguera (Joaquim). EL POEMA ESPARS. Barcelona, 1917. 12½ by 8 in. 72 pp., 3 pessetes. 849.91

Delicate and introspective, moods and impressions. Besides the poem which gives its title to the book, there are poems on the four seasons, on Palm Sunday, and elegies. The author has evidently seen the Russian ballet. For sheer beauty of book-production, this work surpasses any others that have been printed in Barcelona in recent years.

Locchi (Vittorio). LA SAGRA DI SANTA GORIZIA. Translated into English verse by Lorna de' Lucchi. With introduction by Ettore Cozzani. Milano, "L'Eroica," 1919. 6½ by 5 in. 56 pp., 3 lire. 851.9

An Italian war-poem describing the first winter in the trenches, the Austrian advance and repulse in the Trentino, and the preparations that led up to the capture of Gorizia. The English translation is on the opposite page.

López-Picó (J. M.). POESÍES, 1910-15. 8 in. 224 pp. paper. POESÍES, 1915-19. 8 in. 190 pp. paper. Barcelona, Societat Catalana d'Edicions 3 pessetes. 849.91

López-Picó (J. M.). LES ABSÈNCIES PATERNELS. Op. X. Barcelona, F. X. Altés, 1919. 7½ by 5½ in. 102 pp., 3 pessetes. 849.91

M. López-Picó is recognized as a master of the modern *trobar clus catalan*, and one of the leaders of intellectual life in Barcelona. He has a fine sense of the beauty of words, and shows the possibilities of modern Catalan as a living literary language.

Piana (Alexandre), ed. ANTOLOGIA DE POETES CATALANS MODERNS. Barcelona, Societat Catalana d'Edicions. 8 in. 312 pp. paper, 3.50 pesettes. 849.91

A useful collection of Catalan poetry from the time of Joan Maragall (1860-1911). There is an interesting introduction on the present tendencies of Catalan poetry; and biographical notices are placed at the beginning of the selection from each poet. Thirty-seven writers are represented.

Riba (Carles). PRIMER LLIBRE D'ESTANCES. Barcelona, publicacions de "La Revista," 1919. 8 in. 94 pp. paper, 2 pesettes. 849.91

A work of great promise. M. Riba has a beautiful technique, and something of the steadiness of view which comes from familiarity with other literatures—English, Italian, French—as well as his own. Polished, delicate, well-modelled, his verses have the charm of Catalan pieces of faience.

Sagarra (Josep Maria de). CANÇONS D'ABRIL I DE NOVEMBRE. Barcelona, publicacions de "La Revista," 1918. 8 in. 78 pp. paper, 2 pesettes. 849.91

Beyond the borders of Catalonia M. Sagarra is considered a renegade, for he began by writing in Castilian, but under the influence of Carner turned to Catalan. He is a painter of landscapes, which he renders in his verse with gentle pessimism.

FICTION.

Brodie-Innes (J. W.). THE GOLDEN ROPE. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 312 pp., 7/n.

There is no lack of incident in this tale of an Austrian countess who has married an English squire and lives in a wonderful old castle in Cornwall, where there are dangerous and secret passages, as well as an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue. The descriptions of the castle and its surroundings are rather well done; but the improbabilities of the story force themselves upon the reader, and, with the exception of the artist who narrates the story, the principal personages fail to carry conviction. Notwithstanding this, as a tale crowded with sensational episodes, the book is readable.

Collins (Charles). THE NATURAL LAW. Mills & Boon [1919]. 7½ in. 188 pp., 6/n. 813.5

This novel, which is based upon an American drama of real life, the scene being laid in New York City, deals with the rivalry of a middle-aged doctor and a youthful athlete for the hand of Ruth Stanley. The leading *motif* of the story is that "youth calls to youth"; and although the doctor is kindly and magnanimous, his young rival wins the lady. The athlete, indeed, is doubly favoured by fortune, for he has been the victor in the Marathon contest at Stockholm.

Doff (Neel). KEETJE. Paris, Ollendorff [1919]. 7½ in. paper, 5 fr. 843.9

The author of "Contes farouches" and "Jours de famine et de détresse" has written another gloomy story in this life of a Dutch girl in Amsterdam sent out on the streets by her parents to save her brothers and sisters from starving. The theme and the method in the early part of the book recall Defoe in "Moll Flanders." But Keetje is born with the artistic temperament. She learns French, she reads everything she can lay hands on, and as a model in Brussels studios she learns to appreciate pictures. After being successful as a courtesan, but unsuccessful at the Conservatoire, she loses a rich and devoted lover, and settles down, well provided for, to a life of contemplation in the country.

Dunbar (Ruth). THE SWALLOW. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 7½ in. 246 pp., \$1.50 n. 813.5

The hero of this novel is the Swallow: "You looked so downy and unfledged and eager, with your soaring eyes. Just poised for high flights somewhere." The story should appeal to a certain type of patriotic Americans, and the language is, we suppose, familiar to them.

***Flaubert (Gustave).** PREMIÈRES ŒUVRES: Tome Troisième, 1843-5: L'ÉDUCATION SENTIMENTALE (première version). Paris, Charpentier, 1914 [sic]. 7½ in. 344 pp. paper, 3 fr. 50. 843.84

The third of the eight volumes which are to form the complete edition of Flaubert's works. This first version of "L'Éducation Sentimentale" is very different from the second, published in 1869. Personal reminiscences and autobiographical detail included in the first were suppressed in the later definitive edition.

Gerard (Louise). THE MYSTERY OF GOLDEN LOTUS. Mills & Boon [1919]. 8 in. 312 pp., 6/n.

One part the Gold Bug, one part the Rue Morgue, and a third ordinary love-romance, the professional and the amateur detective being both in love with the daughter of the supposed criminal, make up the ingredients of this clever story of the Orange Free State. Good luck in the form of opportune eavesdropping and providential bits of paper helps to solve the complication, which is, however, very skilfully entangled.

London (Jack). THE RED ONE [and other stories]. Mills & Boon [1919]. 8 in. 248 pp., 6/n. 813.5

Sensationalism in the Rider Haggard vein, and buffoonery in that of Morley Roberts, are the features of these four posthumous stories, in three of which low comedy predominates. "The Red One," a grim adventure among the head-hunters of the Solomon Islands, is the most far-fetched, but the best. In "The Princess" three dirty old reprobates talk of their blue-blooded Maori loves in isles of paradise in Oceania. Some protest is required against the misleading practice of describing a collection of short stories on cover and title-page as if it were an ordinary novel.

***Nodier (Ch.).** CONTES DE LA VEILLÉE. Notice et annotations par Gauthier-Ferrières. Paris, Larousse [1919]. 7½ in. 175 pp. il. paper, 2 fr. 60. 843.72

A new volume in the admirable Larousse edition of cheap reprints. Four illustrations, reproduced from the charming vignettes of Tony Johannot which appeared in the Brussels edition of 1853, accompany the text.

***Nodier (Ch.).** CONTES FANTASTIQUES. Notice et annotations par Gauthier-Ferrières. Paris, Larousse [1919]. 7½ in. 196 pp. il. paper, 2 fr. 60. 843.72

A selection from Nodier's "Contes Fantastiques." The greater part of the volume is taken up by the fairy novel "La Fée aux miettes." M. Gauthier-Ferrières contributes a sketch of Nodier's curiously improbable life.

***O'Grady (Standish).** THE COMING OF CUCULAIN. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 168 pp. front., 4/6 n. 891.62

***O'Grady (Standish).** IN THE GATES OF THE NORTH. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 180 pp. front., 4/6 n. 891.62

***O'Grady (Standish).** THE TRIUMPH AND PASSING OF CUCULAIN. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 156 pp. front., 4/6 n. 891.62

Collected in these three volumes is to be found the whole cycle of tales centring in the hero Cuculain. In an eloquent introductory essay A. E. tells us that it was the reading of these tales of Standish O'Grady that first made him conscious of his Irish ancestry and of all the Irish past receding gloriously behind him. "It was the memory of race which rose up within me as I read, and I felt exalted as one who learns he is among the children of kings. That was what O'Grady did for me and for others who were my contemporaries." The writings of the Irish school of which A. E. is so distinguished a member have familiarized us with a good many of these ancient stories. But if anyone would read them in their entirety, divested of the literary subtleties with which they have since been clothed—if anyone would read them told in language that is indeed loud and sometimes over-emphatic, but not without a certain nobility and force—he had better turn to the version which is to be found in these three volumes, and which, when it first appeared, helped to create the nationalist literature of modern Ireland.

Rohmer (Sax). *DOPE: a story of Chinatown and the drug traffic.* Cassell [1919]. 7½ in. 318 pp., 7/ n.

Though the subject of "Dope" will inevitably recall a recent celebrated case, the author states that the story is based upon facts "personally observed," and he can point to the books which he has already devoted to Chinatown and its inhabitants. In the present volume the West End figures as prominently as the East End of London, and the tragic effects of the drug traffic upon its victims are vividly described. The secret of the plot is well kept.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

India. ANNUAL PROGRESS REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT, HINDU AND BUDDHIST MONUMENTS, NORTHERN CIRCLE, FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31 MARCH, 1918. Lahore, Superintendent Government Printing, Punjab, 1918. 13 in. 29 pp. il. paper, 6d. 913.54

The report is in two parts: (1) Departmental Notes, and (2) Preservation of Monuments, with an appendix of inscriptions and a list of photographs.

Pilon (Edmond). *SOUS L'EGIDE DE LA MARNE: histoire d'une rivière.* Paris, Bossard, 1919. 6½ in. 112 pp. 32 il. paper, 3 fr. 90. 914.432

Through a country fertile in corn and vines, from the plateau of Langres almost to Paris, the Marne flows, peacefully, limpidly, turning in its course many busy millwheels, a gentle and profitable river. M. Pilon takes us with him along the stream, evoking, with a charmingly unpedantic erudition, all the great and noble memories by which the Marne is haunted. Round about Château-Thierry we travel through the country of Fable, where La Fontaine lived and wrote. At Meaux, where the river goes roaring under a row of tall overhanging mills, Bossuet was bishop. Watteau painted his last at Nogent. And there is a host of other names associated with the river. M. Pilon calls them out of the past to add lustre to the fifth anniversary of the great battle of 1914, of which the present volume is meant to serve as a celebration.

***Weston (W. J.).** *THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE* ("Cambridge County Handbooks"). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 6½ in. 161 pp. maps, diags. il., 2/6 n. 914.274

Captain Weston has produced an interesting and instructive handbook on the usual lines of this excellent series.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Colbert (Jean Baptiste).

***La Roncière (Ch. de).** *UN GRAND MINISTRE DE LA MARINE, COLBERT.* Paris, Plon [1919]. 7½ in. 311 pp. il. 920

This volume, which is a chapter extracted from the forthcoming fifth volume of M. de La Roncière's monumental "Histoire de la Marine Française," has been published as a tercentenary tribute to the memory of Louis XIV.'s great minister. Colbert was a universal statesman—"the cook and the captain bold and the mate" of the French monarchy, minister of finance, commerce, fine arts, the marine, and the colonies. M. de La Roncière writes of him in his capacity of head of the Admiralty. We see him at the beginning of his career, after the long struggle with Fouquet, rescuing the navy from the hands of the Fronde. His next task is to interest Louis XIV. in the sea, and with this end in view he constructs the "Little Venice" at Versailles, and lures the king aboard a frigate at Dunkirk. Then follow the naval reforms—reforms in the system of recruiting and promotion, in shipbuilding and the art of navigation, in expenditure, in everything to do with the fleet. M. de La Roncière tells this story admirably, and we lay down the volume with an enhanced respect for the great administrator who did as much as any man to make possible the glory of France in the great age.

Cook (J. A. Bethune). *SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES. FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE, 1819, AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.* Stockwell, 1919. 7½ in. 205 pp., 7/6 n. 920

A short account of the work of Sir Stamford Raffles in the East Indies. Enthusiastic in the propagation of the Gospel and of the British Empire, a man of science and an explorer, Raffles is an interesting and characteristically English figure. The brevity of Mr. Cook's volume renders it difficult for him to do full justice to the diversity of Raffles's interests; we feel as we read it that almost too much information has been crowded into this small space.

930-990 HISTORY.

Lutoslawski (W.) and Romer (E.). *THE RUTHENIAN QUESTION IN GALICIA.* Paris, Imprimerie Levé, 1919. 9½ in. 31 pp. pamph. 943.74

The authors furnish an array of historical facts, statistics, and statistical maps to reinforce their contention that the Poles have a strong cultural claim to the whole of Galicia. They state that the Ruthenians are mostly indifferent to the question, and that the Rutheno-Ukrainian rebellion was not a spontaneous national movement, but a factitious outbreak fomented by the Germans for their own purposes.

***Reed (John).** *TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.* Fourth ed. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 8 in. 395 pp., \$2 n. 947.08

A vivid and intensely interesting account by an eyewitness of the ten days, Oct. 22—31, 1917, of the Bolshevik Revolution. The book is announced as the first of a series by the same author. His sympathies are obvious, but it is difficult to read the scenes of great popular enthusiasm he describes and to believe that a man could witness them and remain strictly neutral. The author writes picturesquely; some of his descriptions are amongst the most graphic we have read. The book is well illustrated with photographs of the important persons and places referred to.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Croce (Benedetto). *PAGINE SPARSE, raccolte da G. Castellano, Seconda Serie, PAGINE SULLA GUERRA.* Napoli, Ricciardi, 1919. 8 by 5 in. 326 pp., 7 lire. 940.9

Croce's utterances on the war are here collected. Many of them aroused no little discussion on their first appearance, for Croce refused to say what he was expected to say or to leave unsaid what he thought. Hence the volume is of greater interest than most of its kind, quite apart from the position of its author.

Macedonia. *REPORT OF THE INTER-ALLIED COMMISSION IN EASTERN MACEDONIA, part 1.* G. S. Vellonis, 31, Wilson Street, E.C.2, 1919. 10 in. 31 pp. 940.9

A record of investigations in 339 localities out of a total of 493 affected by the Bulgarian occupation. The investigations were made on the spot, and, as far as possible, the evidence collected was carefully checked.

Macedonia. *REPORT OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE ON BULGARIAN ATROCITIES AND DESTRUCTIONS IN EASTERN MACEDONIA.* G. S. Vellonis, 31, Wilson Street, E.C. 2, 1919. 8 in. 26 pp. 940.9

A record of the evidence collected from 53 depositions.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

***Klickmann (Flora), ed.** *THE LITTLE GIRL'S FANCY WORK.* Office of "The Girl's Own Paper" [1919]. 8 in. 84 pp. il. ind., 2/ n. J.746

A well-illustrated book of instructions for making useful and ornamental things.